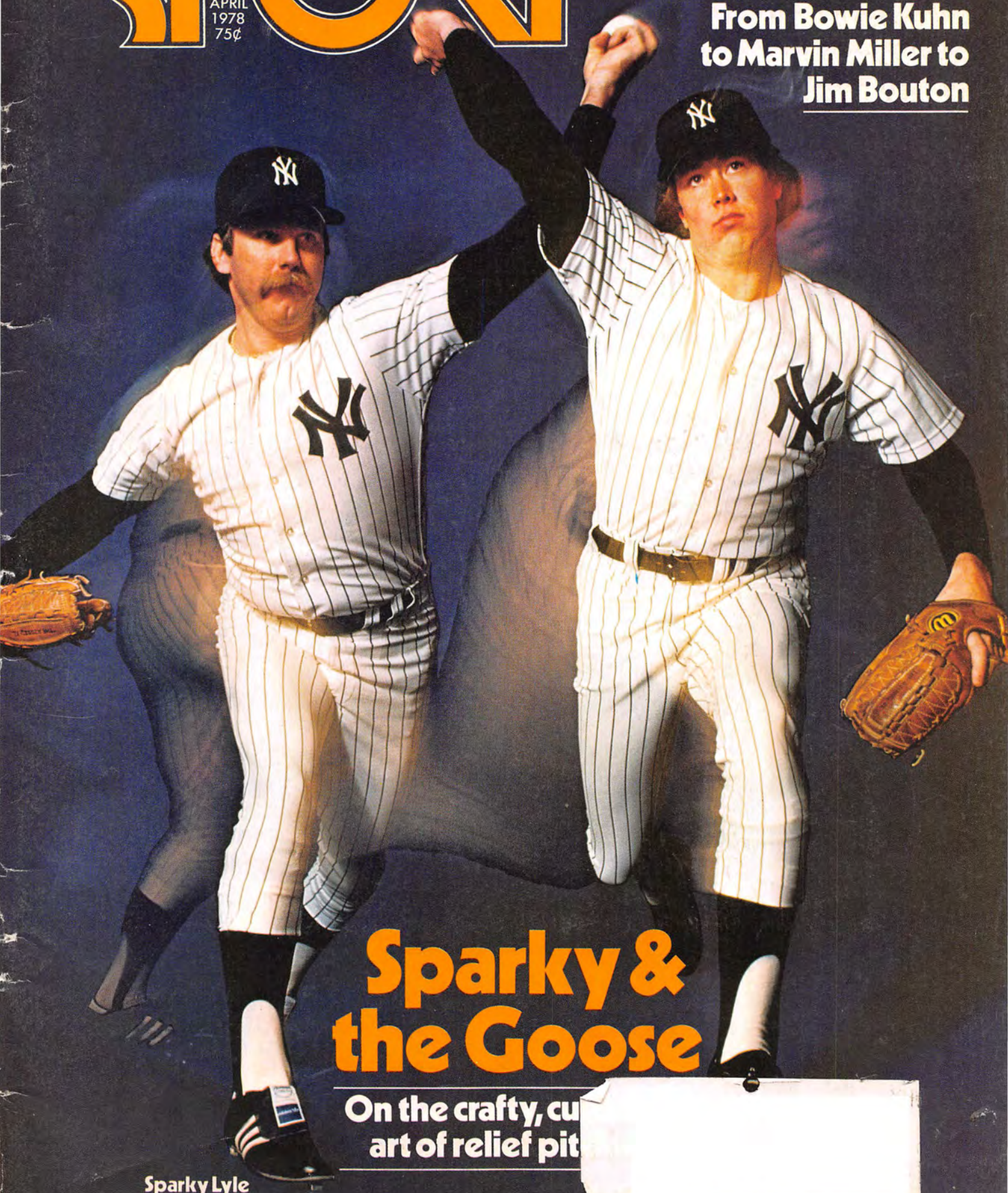


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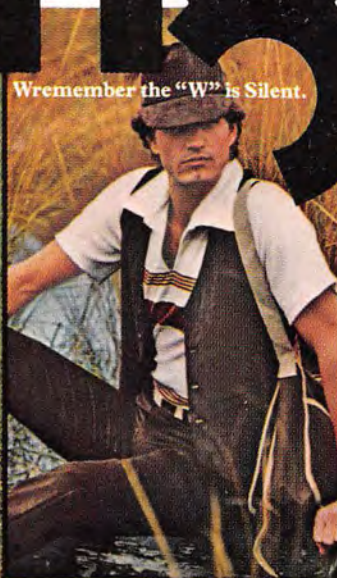
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# LETTERS TO SPORT

## DORSETT DEVOTEES

Way to go SPORT! Your photographic coverage on Tony Dorsett in the January issue ("A rookie runs for the Super Bowl") was exciting. Photographer Tony Tomsic really showed Dorsett's talents and the quotes from Dorsett, his coach and opponents made the article very interesting to read.

Al Martinez  
Floresville, Tex.

When I saw your cover of Tony Dorsett, I decided to buy SPORT for the first time. The story on Dorsett was sensational and the pictures and comments were excellent. Your magazine has really impressed me.

Kenneth Jones  
Los Angeles, Calif.

Thanks for the marvelous article on Tony Dorsett who is the greatest rookie in the league since Chuck Foreman of the Minnesota Vikings.

Greg Jones  
Kalamazoo, Mich.

## O'KOREN RAVES

I enjoyed Richard O'Connor's piece on New Jersey's basketball star Mike O'Koren ("The son of Rosie O'Koren," January). O'Connor obviously has his finger on the pulse of the basketball scene as only a guy who has been there can. I grew up in a nearby area in New Jersey and can easily identify with O'Connor's "true to life" description of the characters and the environment.

I have watched Mike O'Koren play in the New Jersey summer leagues and can attest to his superstar potential. And if Mr. O'Connor maintains his journalistic flair, he too will enjoy a prosperous career.

Stephen J. Romano  
Beale AFB, Calif.

I have been a faithful reader of SPORT since its inception. Writers like Lardner, Kahn and Schaap have frequently turned a gloomy evening into a delicious night with powerful, enrapturing pieces of human drama. I place Richard O'Connor's story on Michael O'Koren in this tradition. Even my wife, who does not follow sports, was deeply moved.

This sort of heartwarming story is the kind long associated with SPORT's success. Reading the piece compelled me to purchase a subscription for my grandson. Thank you, SPORT and Mr. O'Connor.

John Barth  
North Bergen, N.J.

My highest compliments to Richard O'Connor on his refreshing and unusual approach to the Michael O'Koren story. O'Connor's graphic scenes and probing analysis of the events help one understand the motivation behind this extraordinary young athlete.

This story is a gripping glance into urban life.

Hank Alarco  
Address withheld

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CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

**Len Albin, Marty Bell,**  
**Bob Curran, Judy DeHoff,**  
**John Devaney,**  
**Tom Dowling,**  
**Stephen Hanks,**  
**Paul Hemphill, Don Kowet,**  
**Ed Linn, Richard O'Connor,**  
**Charley Rosen,**  
**Robert Ward**

CONTRIBUTING  
PHOTOGRAPHERS

**Daniel S. Baliotti,**  
**John Biever, Vernon J.**  
**Biever, Martin Blumen-**  
**thal, Barry Bregman,**  
**Joe DiMaggio, Malcolm**  
**Emmons, Lewis Franck,**  
**Fred Kaplan, Darryl**  
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# SPORT TALK

## DOOMSDAY DUO

"Has a defensive lineman ever won this award before?" asked Randy White, the 6-foot-4, 240-pound defensive tackle of the Dallas Cowboys. He was sitting in the back of an airport limousine en route to New York's Plaza Hotel where he would be honored by SPORT as co-winner of the Most Valuable Player award in Super Bowl XII.

"I don't think so," said his co-MVP, 6-foot-5, 252-pound defensive end Harvey Martin. "Manny Fernandez should have won it the year the Dolphins beat Washington, but they gave it to Jake Scott. I think we're the first two."

Martin was right. In the 11 prior Super Bowls, and the nine previous NFL championship games in which SPORT has chosen the Most Valuable Player, no defensive lineman had won the award. What's more, White and Martin were the first to share the honor for the relentless defensive stampede they spearheaded against Denver quarterbacks Craig Morton and Norris Weese in the Cowboys' 27-10 Super Bowl XII victory over Denver.

Martin, 28 years old and the NFC's top defensive lineman in 1977 with a league-leading 23 sacks, and White, 24, an Outland Trophy winner from the University of Maryland, said they had both

been too busy—with a quick victory celebration, then a dash to Tampa for the Pro Bowl—to review the Super Bowl films.

"We had a few things going into the game we had planned to do," said White, who began the year as the Cowboys' prospective middle-linebacking replacement for LeRoy Jordan, but wound up at tackle after an injury to veteran Bill Gregory in the preseason. "Early in the game we did a stunt where Harvey came inside and I went around him—"

"—I think that's the play where you got in and tipped Morton's arm leading to the interception," said Harvey.

"Yeah, right," Randy continued, "but the rest of the time we just played our basic game."

"Shit," said Harvey. "With 'Too Tall' [Jones] raising hell on the left side, we just got down and blew in there."

Harvey had a tougher time blowing into Regine's disco that night in New York. Since he was alone—Randy having gone to an uptown restaurant—Harvey was refused admission at Regine's and at another oasis for the beautiful people, Studio 54. He wound up boogeying at New York, New York. He wound up getting back to his Plaza Suite at 4 a.m. He wound up missing his appearance on the Stanley Siegel local TV talk show at 9 a.m. that morning. Randy stood in.

The two pals got together again at 10 a.m. in front of the Plaza, where they were presented the keys to two 1978 Ford Thunderbirds by SPORT publisher Don Hanrahan. Afterward, at a press

brunch in their honor in the hotel's Grand Ballroom, Martin spoke for both of them: "There are a lot of guys who could have won this award. . . . Roger Staubach, Randy Hughes, Cliff Harris, 'Too Tall.' Me and Randy talked about it and we just feel lucky the magazine picked us. I guess they picked two because so many guys could have won it."

Craig Morton couldn't have agreed more.

—Roger Director

## THE VIOLENT WORLD OF MAURICE LUCAS

The Portland Trail Blazers' 6-foot-9 Maurice Lucas has a reputation throughout the NBA as the toughest power forward in basketball (see page 48: "A fan's guide to pro basketball," which this month focuses on the big men). To Lucas' way of thinking, the matchups in the game don't hinge as much on a rival's scoring average as his willingness to inflict and absorb punishment. He divides the league's big men into the three following categories:

**"Guys who dish it out and take it back and accept it as part of the game":** Kermit Washington, Celtics; George McGinnis, 76ers; Jim Brewer, Cavaliers; Moses Malone, Rockets; Truck Robinson, Jazz; Dave Myers and Marques Johnson, Bucks; Lonnie Shelton, Knicks; and Bob Lanier, Pistons.

**"Guys who dish it out but can't take it—crybabies":** Rick Barry, Warriors; Sidney Wicks and Curtis Rowe, Celtics; Adrian Dantley, Lakers; Dan Issel, Nuggets; Julius Erving, 76ers; and John Drew, Hawks ("He tries to sucker punch you every chance he gets").

**"Guys who don't dish it out and can't take it—they don't want any part of punishment":** Elvin Hayes, Bullets; Bobby Jones, Nuggets; Rudy Tomjanovich, Rockets; Larry Kenon, Spurs; and Scott May, Bulls.

"You have problems in this game when you play against the guys who want to dish it out but not take it, or the guys who don't want to dish it out and don't want any part of it," says Lucas.

Lucas reserved a special place for "dirty" players—"the guys who throw elbows above the neck or guys who trip you by getting underneath you when you go up for a rebound." According to Lucas, the top trippers are guards Calvin Murphy of the Rockets and Philadelphia's Lloyd Free.

The guys with high elbows? "Well, Sam Lacey [Kansas City] . . . Kareem [Abdul-Jabbar of Los Angeles], the whole Boston team. The Knicks aren't like that yet, but they will be real soon with Reed coaching them," said Lucas.

Dallas Cowboys Harvey Martin (left) and Randy White received matching Thunderbirds as co-MVPs of Super Bowl XII.





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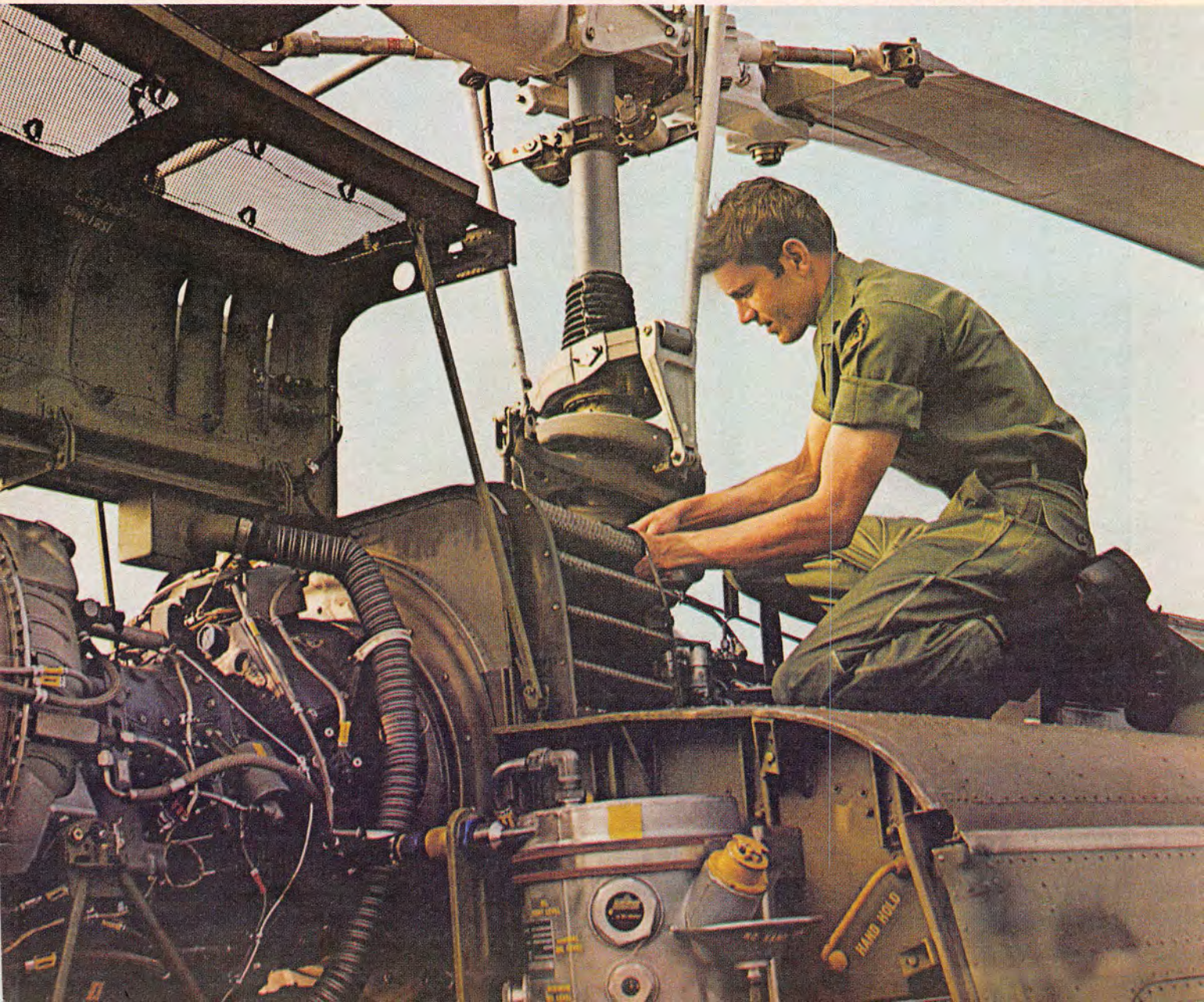
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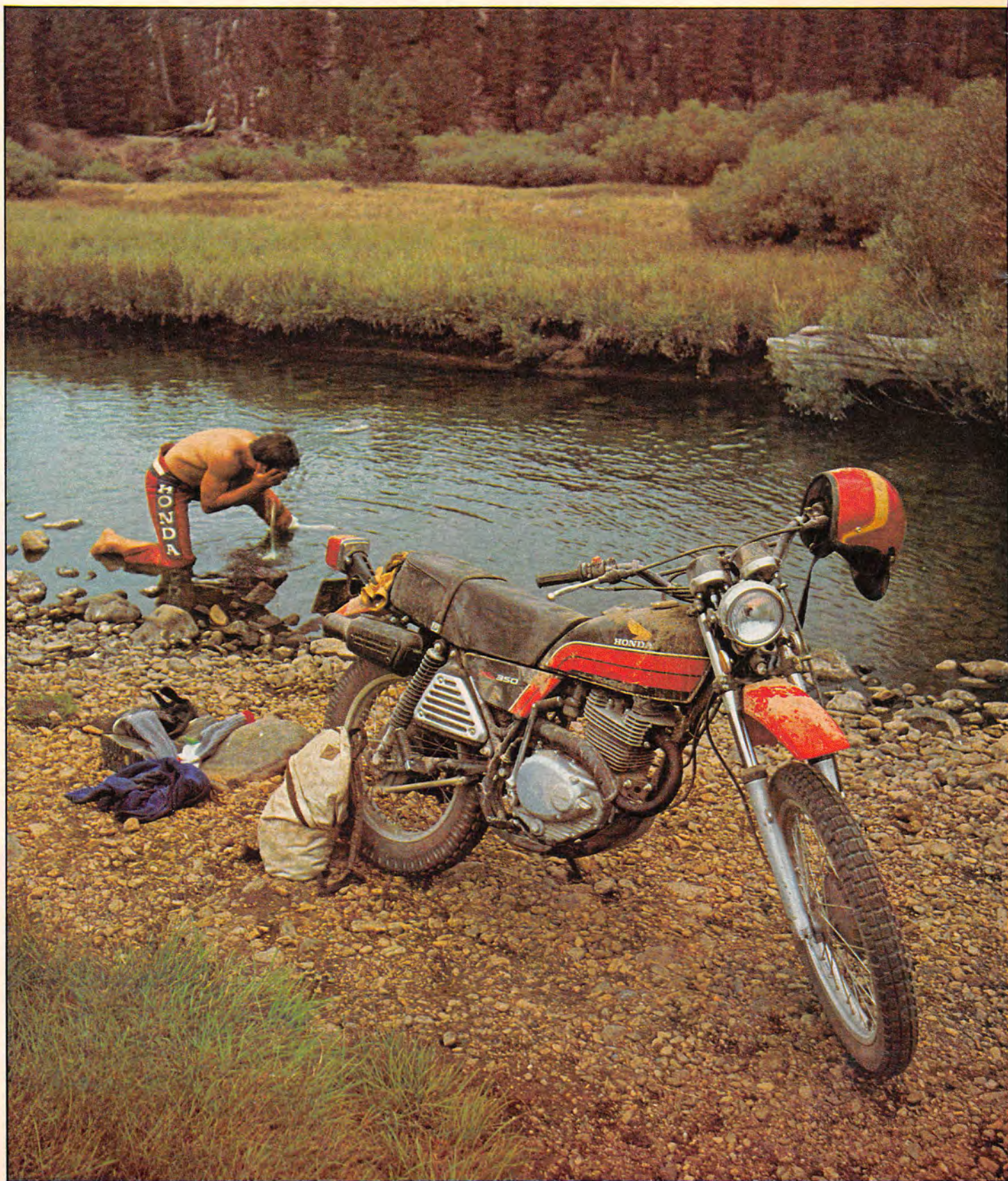
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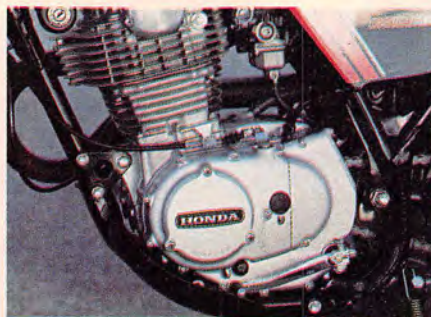
Honda's 1978 XL-350 is a machine that begs to be taken on long demanding adventures. It's ready to start you off on the road with street-legal equipment and good maneuverability in traffic. Raring to go exploring off the road with that legendary XL reputation for toughness.

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# SPORT TALK

He laughed. "And I guess you got to include me and [Bill] Walton in that category too."

—Marty Bell

## THE PRICE OF FREEDOM

In our Baseball Survey (see page 35) former pitcher Jim Bouton says, "The free-agent system is excellent because players are paid fairly according to market value."

The market value for some of today's stars is astronomical. But some older free agents have found out how quickly the bottom can drop out. Mike Marshall, 1974 N.L. Cy Young Award winner; Bill Melton, 1971 A.L. home run king and Bobby Tolan, 1970 N.L. stolen base leader, are among eight former regulars in their 30s who were selected by no more than two teams in last November's free-agent draft. Under the rules, these players were free to negotiate with any team in the majors but, as of early February, not one had signed a major-league contract.

At 30, Carlos May was the youngest of the unwanted despite his nine-year major-league batting average of .270. "Becoming a free agent had nothing to do with wanting a huge contract or security," May explained in a recent phone conversation. "I just wanted a chance to hook on with somebody where I could play every day. Of course I was surprised and a little shocked that only one team [the Chicago White Sox] drafted me, but I never got depressed about it. I knew I'd make a living somehow."

May, the *Sporting News* Rookie of the Year in 1969 with the White Sox, made a solid contribution to the Yankees' pennant victory in 1976. In April of that season Ron Blomberg injured his right shoulder and was lost for the season. In need of a left-handed DH, Gabe Paul, then the Yankees' general manager, acquired May from the White Sox. May batted .278 and drove in 40 runs in 87 games for the Yanks.

When Blomberg tore up a knee in spring training last year, May was again called on. But at midseason the hot hitting Lou Piniella became the Yankee DH against all pitching as May's average fell to .226. He was sent to the California Angels in September, where he finished the year with a .236 average. Not the ideal situation for a free agent.

After last November's draft, May was hoping that White Sox owner Bill Veeck would sign him. But May's hopes were dashed when Veeck signed none other than Blomberg, a free agent who had played only 35 games in the last three years, to a four-year contract worth \$650,000.

"It must be pretty apparent that we evaluated Blomberg higher since we've signed him," Veeck said recently. "We drafted Carlos primarily not to embarrass him so he wouldn't think he was unwanted."

May, who was seeking less than Blomberg, can't help feeling slighted. "He [Blomberg] hasn't played much and he got a real good contract," May said, "which shows I guess that free-agency has helped some average players."

May took the only offer left him, signing a three-year, \$300,000 contract with the Nankai Hawks in Japan.

Despite his humbling experience as a free agent, May is not sorry he tested the waters. "I was very disappointed with my season last year," he says calmly. "But I knew I could still play the game, so I never regretted not signing."

—Stephen Hanks

## CAPITAL PUNISHMENT

When I entered his room in the Boston hotel, Tommie McVie—coach of the Washington Capitals, the doormats of the National Hockey League—was watching TV while lying in bed, utterly exhausted, an electric blanket pulled halfway up his bare torso. He could barely lift his head off the pillow, and for a moment I felt like I was visiting a hospital patient. On the tube was Jack Klugman starring in *Quincy*, a weekly drama about a Los Angeles coroner. McVie's



"We've got to work harder than the other team," says the Capitals' coach Tom McVie, "and even then we may not win!"

usual loud voice was now almost inaudible, and I had to turn down the TV volume to hear him. Obviously, coaching a last-place team will sap the strength of any man—although the Caps didn't look too bad in a 4-1 loss to the Bruins the night before.

"Well, uh, we had a poor first period," McVie said, recalling how the Caps were outshot 15 to one. "But we're going against a club that just *could* win the Stanley Cup!" His eyes widen as if he's just glimpsed Eldorado. "That was one of the hardest hitting games our club has been in this year . . . a good, tough hockey game." His eyes narrowed as if he were in pain. "But the losing is the one thing that does eat away at me. Eats away day after day."

"You ever thought of quitting coaching?" I asked. The Caps, under McVie, had won 40 of 168 games.

"Ha!" McVie chuckled. "You know, I'm 42 years old now, and I don't know what I would do if I wasn't in hockey."

"See, I can take almost everything that goes with hockey—I can take the players' problems, that's 20 problems, I can take that. I can take the travel, that doesn't bother me. I can take the long days from six or seven in the morning to 12 at night. I can take the long practice days and problems of management. There's just the one thing I can't take—and it's the losing."

Since the Caps put together a 20-game winless streak early this season, McVie has suffered a lot. This, despite his well-earned reputation as one of the strictest coaches in the NHL.

"I'm the *most* strict," McVie insisted. "But I have to be. When you're winning, you can go dancing at night, or stay in bars as long as you want to. But when you're an expansion team trying to compete and you're losing, I need every edge I can get! *And I still might not win!*"

McVie's head settled back on his pillow. "We cannot win if we work only as hard as the other team. We've got to work *harder* than the other team—and even *then* we may not win! . . . I have the club on a weight program that we do dedicatedly every day. We have a flexibility program I put them through—and our practice day is a little longer than other teams' because we *NEED PRACTICE!* Because we're not as *good* as they are!"

"You know, the players have got five or six months in the summertime where they can do exactly what they want—but the five or six months they're with me, I just ask them to work. That seems fair enough to me. If a guy loves hockey, then he loves playing for me, because my total life is hockey. I've put my wife and family off to the side, the whole winter, every winter, and given my soul to the hockey club. You can't give any more than that."

—Len Albin 15



# THE SPORT QUIZ

**GRADE YOURSELF**  
**18-21 EXCELLENT**  
**15-17 VERY GOOD**  
**12-14 FAIR**

1. Who was a teammate of both Henry Aaron and Sadaharu Oh?  
 a. Clete Boyer  
 b. Dave Johnson  
 c. Clyde Wright



Steve David

2. Who holds the record for most career penalty minutes (408) in Stanley Cup play?  
 a. John Ferguson  
 b. Ted Lindsay  
 c. Dave Schultz
3. Mickey Mantle hit his last Yankee Stadium home run off which pitcher?  
 a. Whitey Ford  
 b. Denny McLain  
 c. Jim Lonborg
4. Match these baseball personalities with their real first names:  
 a. Gene Tenace      1. Claude  
 b. Butch Hobson      2. Dorrel  
 c. Whitey Herzog      3. Fury  
 d. Skip Lockwood      4. Clell
5. When John Warren of the Cleveland Cavaliers scored a "wrong-way" basket in 1971 that counted as two points for Portland, who tried to block the shot?  
 a. Bingo Smith, Cavaliers  
 b. Leroy Ellis, Blazers  
 c. Bobby Lewis, Cavaliers  
 d. Geoff Petrie, Blazers
6. Which of these three swimmers owns the best time (4:10.46) in the 400-meter freestyle?

- a. Shirley Babashoff  
 b. Don Schollander  
 c. Johnny Weismuller

7. The Yankee leftfielder who watched Pittsburgh Pirate Bill Mazeroski's 1960 World Series-winning home run sail over his head was:

- a. Hector Lopez  
 b. Bob Cerv  
 c. Yogi Berra

8. Name the three players active in the majors last year who began their big-league baseball careers in the 1950s.

9. Bob Griese led all NFL quarterbacks with 22 TD passes in 1977. Who led all nonquarterbacks with three TD passes?  
 a. Archie Griffin, Bengals  
 b. Terry Metcalf, Cardinals  
 c. Greg Pruitt, Browns

10. By the All-Star break this year, which NHL team had never won a game in Boston Garden in 26 tries?

- a. Minnesota North Stars  
 b. Cleveland Barons  
 c. Colorado Rockies

11. Who was the only player to pinch-hit for Henry Aaron?

- a. Wes Covington  
 b. Rico Carty  
 c. Mike Lum

12. Who played for ABA, NBA and NCAA championship basketball teams?

- a. Rick Barry  
 b. Bill Melchionni  
 c. Tom Thacker

13. Who is the all-time leading money winner on the LPGA tour?

- a. JoAnne Carner  
 b. Kathy Whitworth  
 c. Judy Rankin

14. Which two baseball players were involved in a trade for each other on two occasions?

Pelé



- a. Ray Sadecki/Orlando Cepeda  
 b. Dick Allen/Jim Essian  
 c. Bob Tolan/Alex Johnson

15. True or False: The Montreal Canadiens have an all-time winning record against every other NHL team.

16. Who was the first MVP of the ABA?

- a. Mel Daniels  
 b. Dan Issel  
 c. Connie Hawkins

17. Which team has lost the most (11) championship finals or World Series?

- a. Detroit Red Wings  
 b. New York Yankees  
 c. Los Angeles Lakers

18. Who led the North American Soc-



Kyle Rote, Jr.

cer League in 1977 with 26 goals?

- a. Pelé, N.Y. Cosmos  
 b. Kyle Rote, Jr., Dallas Tornado  
 c. Steve David, L.A. Aztecs

19. Which player is allergic to hockey gloves?

- a. Dennis Polonich  
 b. Bill Goldsworthy  
 c. Carol Vadnais  
 d. Steve Durbano

20. Who scored the most points (61) in a single NCAA Tournament basketball game?

- a. Bill Bradley, Princeton  
 b. Austin Carr, Notre Dame  
 c. Jerry West, West Virginia

21. Which player hails from Stan Musial's hometown?

- a. Ted Simmons  
 b. Greg Luzinski  
 c. Ken Griffey

**FOR ANSWERS TURN TO PAGE 88**



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Gables  
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## ARMY ROTC. LEARN WHAT IT TAKES TO LEAD.



# Sparky & the Goose

Two of the game's great firemen compare notes on the crafty, cutthroat art of relief pitching—the key, these days, to winning a pennant

by HARRY STEIN

**T**he temperature on this second Monday in January has dropped a full 25 degrees—to a brisk 21—in barely three hours, and baseball's best relief pitcher, protected only by a skimpy leather jacket, is in the process of freezing his butt off.

"Sheeeet," moans Albert W. "Sparky" Lyle, "it ain't worth it just to look good."

"It sure ain't," agrees the baby-faced young man hurrying beside him toward the photographer's studio in lower Manhattan.

Lyle studies him and manages a grin. "Hell," he says, "what are you complaining about?" He nods at the young man's down jacket, bright orange with fabric epaulets. "It looks like you could hike through the North Pole in that thing." He pauses. "What's that material, anyway, suede?"

"Uh uh," says the young man, "it's not suede."

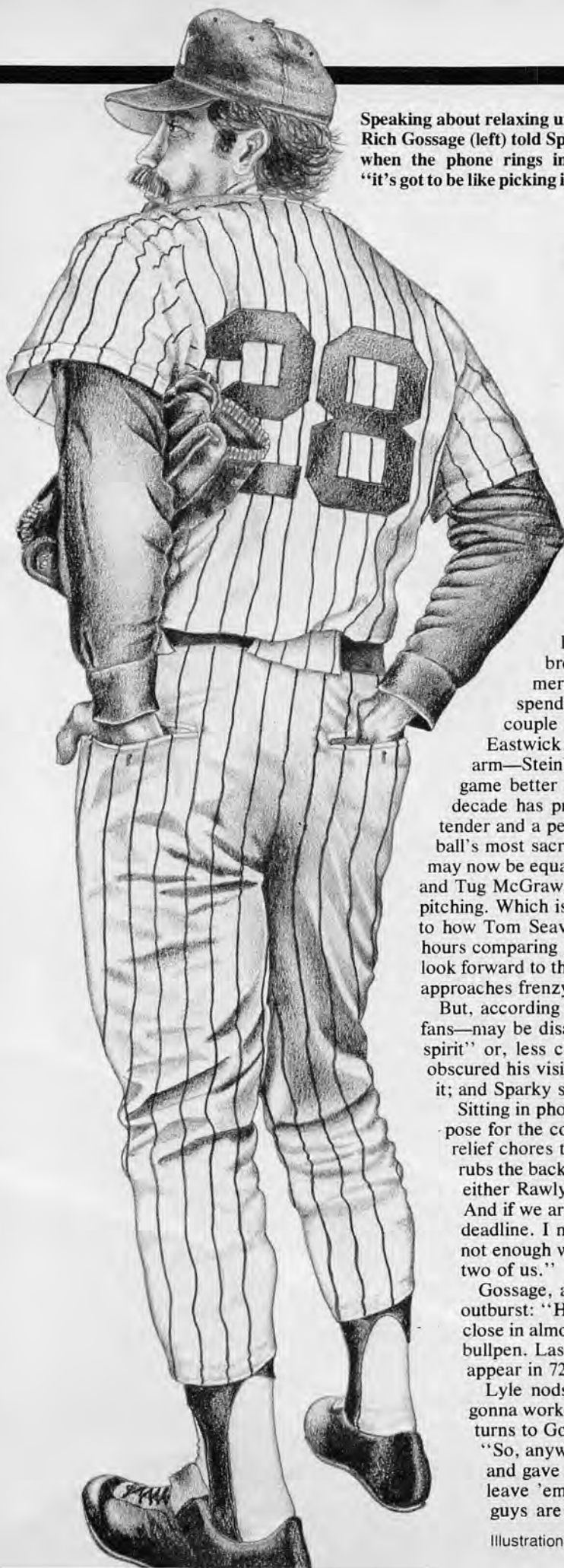
Lyle nods knowingly. "Oh. You must've bought it before you signed. If you'd got it after, it'd not only be suede—the damn thing would probably be lined with gold."

Rich Gossage laughs. He can afford to; the contract in question—to pitch for the New York Yankees for six years—is said to be in the amount of \$2.75 million, making Richard Michael "Goose" Gossage the highest-paid relief pitcher in baseball history. Not that, as these things go, the price is excessive. Gossage is only 26 years old, possesses a fastball that has been clocked at 99 miles per hour and—after five years with the Chicago White Sox—is coming off a season with the Pittsburgh Pirates in which he won 11 games, saved 26 and compiled an E.R.A. of 1.62. All of which leads a good many observers to agree with Gossage's own blunt assessment of his signing: "This is the thing the Yankees needed to make a dynasty."

Of course, the New Yorkers had a pretty fair bullpen even before Goose barreled into the picture: Its name was Sparky Lyle. Last season, on his way to the Cy Young Award, Sparky, who looks like a refugee from a barbershop quartet and owns the wickedest slider known to man, won 13 of 18 decisions and picked up 26 saves of his own. Gossage, the righty, warming up beside Lyle, the lefty, should look to rival managers the way Vesuvius must







Speaking about relaxing under pressure, Rich Gossage (left) told Sparky Lyle that when the phone rings in the bullpen, "it's got to be like picking it up at home."



have looked to denizens of Pompeii—ominous, threatening, a harbinger of certain doom.

The Yankees have been called "the best team money can buy," and few would argue that Yankee owner George Steinbrenner's checkbook has not had a lot to do with his team's success on the field. But Steinbrenner isn't the only owner who spends money; he is merely the one, as he proved again this off-season, who spends it most wisely. In signing Gossage—and following that a couple of weeks later by signing 27-year-old free-agent Rawly Eastwick of the St. Louis Cardinals, another live, young relief arm—Steinbrenner demonstrated that he understands the drift of the game better than almost any of his contemporaries. For, if the last decade has proven anything, it is that the difference between a contender and a pennant winner is quality relief pitching. It is among baseball's most sacrosanct clichés that pitching is 90 percent of the game; it may now be equally true, in the wake of Rollie Fingers and Mike Marshall and Tug McGraw and Bill Campbell and Lyle, that relief is 60 percent of pitching. Which is why baseball connoisseurs—the kind who speculate as to how Tom Seaver might have fared against Babe Ruth, who pass long hours comparing Brooks Robinson's third-base play with Clete Boyer's—look forward to the Yankees' dream bullpen of 1978 with an eagerness that approaches frenzy.

But, according to Sparky Lyle, the connoisseurs—and a lot of Yankee fans—may be disappointed. Lyle has often been characterized as a "free spirit" or, less charitably, as a "flake," but his good humor has never obscured his vision of his own self-interest, nor his willingness to defend it; and Sparky sees unsettling signs in the Yankees' bullpen bonanza.

Sitting in photographer Dan Baliotti's studio with Gossage, waiting to pose for the cover of this magazine, Lyle is asked how he expects the relief chores to be divided among himself and his new colleagues. He rubs the back of his hand against his thick mustache. "Frankly, I think either Rawly or myself won't be around for the start of the season. And if we are, one of us will be gone by the end of May, by the trade deadline. I mean, they've gotta have enough brains to know there's not enough work for three of us—that they're only gonna ruin one or two of us."

Gossage, a relentlessly upbeat young man, is taken aback by this outburst: "Hey, I don't know about that. The Yankees are gonna be close in almost every ballgame, and that means plenty of work for the bullpen. Last year with the Pirates both Kent Tekulve and me got to appear in 72 games."

Lyle nods slowly. "Yeah. Well, I'm saying that three just ain't gonna work. And it comes down to me or Rawly. It has to. . . ." He turns to Gossage. "They're sure not gonna trade you." He pauses. "So, anyway I went to Cedric Tallis [the Yankee general manager] and gave them my permission to trade me. Of course, that would leave 'em without a lefthander in the bullpen, but both of those guys are young and throw hard and can get lefthanded batters



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# Sparky & Goose

out." He pulls a Winston from a pack on the coffee table before him and lights it. "I'm gonna be 34, and I don't want to waste my last three or four years of production just sittin' out there."

It is difficult to know how seriously to take this. Sparky Lyle has made similar pronouncements in the past—most notably during the '74 season, when he was a holdout, and following the '75 campaign, during which he'd been lightly used—yet has managed to stick with the Yankees for six years after being traded by the Boston Red Sox in 1972. Moreover, insecurity appears to be an integral part of every relief pitcher's psyche because of the nature of their work—constantly finding themselves in desperate straits.

When the talk at last turns to the subject the meeting is built around, the art of relief pitching, Sparky says, "Until a few years ago, we relievers never got any credit. It was always the starters who were up front."

Gossage nods. "I'd always been a starter in the minors, and when the White Sox brought me up to the majors in '72—and put me in the bullpen—I was crushed. I thought it was a demotion, man. I thought it was a real shit job."

"Hell, a lot of people did," agrees Lyle. "Relievers never got the respect starters did. Ballclubs would even start messing around with the great relievers. When I came up with the Red Sox in '67, Dick Radatz had just left. He'd been unbelievable with that fastball, but the Red Sox tried to teach him a slider. Well, the way he threw, he just couldn't do it. It ruined him."

"Did anyone ever try to change

you?" Lyle is asked.

"Yeah, Eddie Lopat." He takes a drag on his cigarette. "He had me out there three days in a row trying to show me how to throw a change-up slider. Hell, as if I'm gonna throw a change-up with the bases loaded." The sheer preposterousness of this notion makes him chuckle.

"But relief pitchers are *somebody* now," says Gossage emphatically. "I'll tell you, you couldn't drag me out of that bullpen now with a tractor!"

Sparky jabs a finger in the air. "See that? Ten years ago you never woulda heard a guy his age talk about relief pitching with that kind of respect. It was the pits, man."

"Well, startin' was where the money and all the publicity was," explains Gossage. "The bullpen was mop-up junk. Hell, it took me two years to accept being there. But, I tell you, now there's no greater satisfaction than going in with no outs, bases loaded and a one-run lead and keeping that lead. In a situation like that, it's all on the line—you're either horseshit or you're great. That's what relief pitching is all about."

"Plus, there's money in it now," adds Lyle, smiling.

Gossage laughs. "Yeah, that too. But it really is more fun. Look, if you're starting, you have five days off—five days to sit around and do nothing."

"Maybe think about how you got your ass beat," says Sparky.

Gossage nods. "That's right. Maybe pitch one bad inning, worry about it five days, and then get to pitch one more bad inning."

Lyle stubs out his cigarette and lights

another. "We don't have time to worry in our job," he says. "I don't think anyone's ever seen me mad about a game. A good reliever can't afford to be, can't afford to upset himself mentally. He's gotta take things in stride. It's the same thing with winning. If you've done a good job, you can't get all full of yourself like some starters do, 'cause you may have to do it all again tomorrow."

"Seventy-five percent of relief pitching is mental," observes Gossage.

"More," says Lyle. "Ninety percent. You've got to be in complete control, completely confident." He reaches into a brown paper bag, fetched from a delicatessen next door, and takes out a styrofoam container of coffee. "That's one reason I couldn't believe the Cardinals' hassling Al Hrabosky about his beard and Fu Manchu mustache. It upset him, and that hurt his pitching. If he thinks he looks meaner out there with a beard, it makes him a better pitcher."

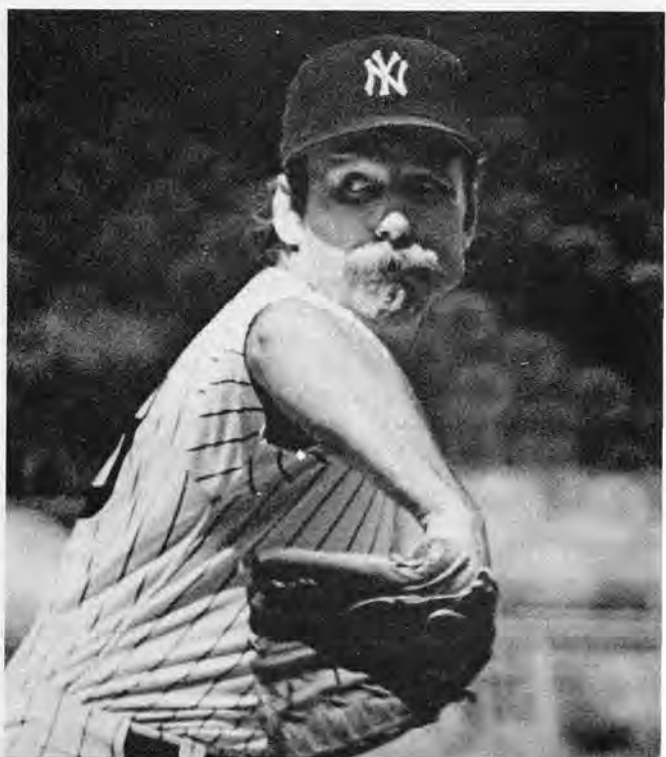
"It *does* make him look meaner," says Gossage. "He stares in there and it scares the hell out of some batters. I listen to 'em on the bench."

"Absolutely," agrees Lyle. "Hitters can really be affected by a pitcher's display of confidence."

Gossage laughs. "Yeah, sometimes I'll see a guy come up to bat against me and I can see he's already given up. I just say to myself, 'You're mine, asshole.'"

Lyle bobs his head in recognition of the phenomenon. "Some of these hit-

**Yankee shortstop Bucky Dent (far left) helps Gossage into his new pinstripes, but Lyle (right) says he may lose his.**





# Sparky & Goose

ters, they try to intimidate you back, dig in for five minutes to intimidate you that way."

Gossage guffaws. "My attitude is, 'Dig in, asshole.' Then I let one go at his head." He waves his hand. "Bye-bye, asshole."

"Yep, they fill up that hole real quick," laughs Lyle. He puts down his coffee and pantomimes a batter obsequiously refilling a hole with his feet while muttering to himself, "Sorry sir, sorry sir." Gossage roars.

They fall silent for a moment. "The thing is," adds Lyle, "you've got to have that belief in yourself. Otherwise you start varying your style, and that's when you're in trouble."

"You're telling me!" says Gossage. "I was real successful in the minors, but when I first came up, I let myself get intimidated by the hitters up here, so I started changing. I overthrew, tried to blow everybody away." He shakes his head at the memory. "Lemme tell you, I got my ass kicked. I got sent up and out, up and out." He pauses. "Even now I sometimes hurt myself by thinkin' too much. Once last year I blew two fastballs past a guy—he hardly even saw 'em—so I decided to get cute and sneak a breaking ball by him." He laughs. "Damn thing ain't landed yet."

"Sheeet," sympathizes Lyle, "that's the way it happens, all right. When you start thinkin', you're dead."

"You almost gotta have a don't-give-a-damn attitude," says Gossage. "My problem at the beginning was, being from Colorado, I'd never seen a major-league ballplayer in the flesh, only on Saturday Game of the Week with Dizzy Dean and PeeWee Reese. The first guy I saw at a major-league camp was Boog Powell, who goes about 6-4, 250. I said, 'Christ, these guys are big.' I mean, they scared me."

"And you can't pitch that way," says Lyle. "You know, people are always asking me about pitching in the playoffs and the Series, asking if it was a big deal. Well, you can't look at it that way. If you do they're gonna bomb you."

Gossage grins. "Yep. When you hear that phone ring in the bullpen, it's got to be like pickin' up the phone at home."

"You know," Lyle says, "you look at a guy like [Los Angeles Dodger] Burt Hooten in last year's playoffs, the way he fell apart because he thought the umpire made a bad call—he shakes his head—"that's the worst thing that can happen to a pitcher."

"He's known for that," says Gossage. "On the Pirates we'd rattle his ass as much as we could."

Lyle smiles. "Could you imagine a reliever doing that?"

Gossage cracks up at the very

thought. "A reliever? Never!"

Lyle laughs with him. "Hell, if he did, he'd be lucky to last half a season."

Ten minutes later they are in uniform, ready to be photographed. Gossage appears before the camera first and, at the photographer's request, goes through his pitching motion again and again. He winds up, kicks and his arm hurtles forward—without releasing the ball. The motion is as genuine as he can make it—his cleats are even chewing up the wooden floor—and his impulse is to fire the ball at midseason speed. "Damn," he says, "this is frustrating. I feel like chucking the damn thing through the wall."

Sparky ducks. "Go ahead."

Gossage goes through the motion once again. "It really does feel unnatural to hold onto the ball like this." He pauses, rubs his arm and says, "God-damn, it's tiring."

"It should be," Lyle says. "You've gone seven innings already." He picks up a can of Budweiser and pops it open.

## Lyle: "Munson's not moody, he's just mean. When you're moody, you're nice sometimes."

"I get tired just watching."

"Okay, Sparky," calls the photographer, "your turn."

Lyle walks forward with mock timidity. "Just remember, I'm a lot older than he is." He goes through his motion several times, then pauses, huffing and puffing. "Hell, I don't work this hard in spring training." He feels his left shoulder. "Damn, feels like I've got a Dewar's cap in there."

Gossage laughs from the sideline. "Shit, I've got a whole can of Bud in mine."

"This must be how Don Gullett trains," observes a bystander. The reference to the Yankees' expensive, oft-injured pitcher makes Lyle smile. "Uh uh, Gullett gets in shape by harvesting his marijuana crop back in Kentucky." (Lyle's comment is based on the fact that last year 882 eight-foot-tall marijuana plants were discovered on a Lynn, Ky. farm owned by Gullett. Though his brother was indicted, the Yankee pitcher was absolved of any responsibility for the crop.)

And so the conversation eases on to the other Yankees, that tempestuous bunch with whom Gossage will have to work next season.

"Everyone keeps saying, 'I don't

know how you guys won,' " Lyle says, still before the camera. "Well, all that stuff's overrated. Reggie had pulled the same kind of stuff for years in Oakland and Baltimore. The only difference was that people won't put up with it in New York."

"Sure," says Gossage, "whenever you have 25 guys together, there are gonna be personality conflicts. That's not gonna bother me."

"The bottom line," Lyle says, "is that this club is so loaded with talent, it's unbelievable. Even the guys you don't hear about, like Kenny Clay. Hell, he throws the shit outta the ball and he's got a real nasty sinker. The only thing that team needs to be just about perfect is one more starter, because they lost Mike Torrez in the free-agent draft. They got Andy Messersmith from Atlanta, but his arm is questionable."

"He says he's 100 percent," someone says.

Lyle grins. "Hell, everyone's 100 percent in the wintertime. All you gotta throw is snowballs." He goes through his motion again for the photographer. "But I'll tell you something, that Torrez ain't gonna win in Boston. He throws hard, but his ball is straight. If he gets it up a little bit, they'll knock it off the wall in that park. When he doesn't have his great stuff, he gets his ass kicked."

"One guy I'll be glad to have on my side is [Yankee catcher] Thurman Munson," says Gossage. "Christ, he's tough. I once got him square on the arm with a 100-mph fastball and he just grinned. Later, in the clubhouse, I got a note from him. 'I took your best f---ing shot, you cockroach. (Signed) The White Gorilla.' " Everyone in the studio laughs. "And," adds Gossage, "he spelled 'gorilla' wrong."

"He seems like a moody guy, that Munson," observes the photographer.

Lyle shakes his head. "Nah, he's not moody, he's just mean." He pauses and grins. "There's a difference. When you're moody, you're nice some of the time."

For lunch, Gossage and Lyle retire to Uncle Lulu's, a sports bar uptown, and take a table in the back. Gossage stares at a color photograph of a Kansas City Royals' player hanging on the wall above the table. "Who's that?"

Lyle glances at it. "Cookie Rojas." He pauses and takes a long sip of his Dewar's and water. "They're a damn good ballclub, Kansas City. Better than the Dodgers." He smiles. "I'll tell you, I wouldn't mind going there." He takes another sip of his drink. "Hell, I'd go anywhere—except Pittsburgh. That's too close to my hometown [Reynoldsville, Pa.]. I don't want my friends hang-



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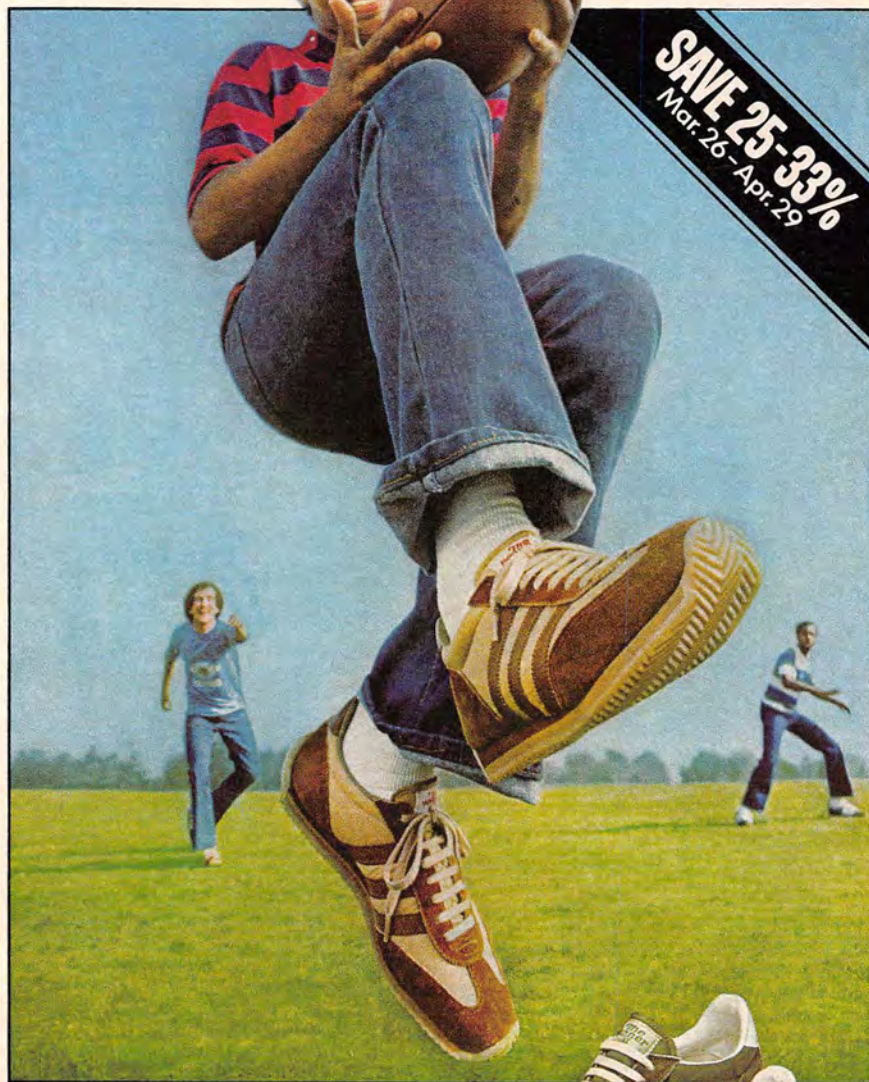
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## Sparky & Goose

ing around all the time."

All this talk of Sparky being traded—on account of the acquisition of Gossage—clearly makes the younger relief pitcher uncomfortable. "Hey," he says, "lemme see your ring, will you?"

Lyle removes his World Series ring—with the Yankee emblem set in diamonds at its center—and hands it to Gossage. The younger man gazes at it with unabashed admiration. "God, that's the prettiest goddamn thing I've ever seen."

"These are different from the usual Series rings," says Sparky. "George [Steinbrenner] had 'em made for us special." He smiles. "You'll get one of these this year."

Gossage grins back. "I better. I'm gettin' sick of sitting in Colorado every October watching other guys on TV."

A waitress appears and places their orders in front of them, then produces an Uncle Lulu's menu to be signed. When she departs bearing her treasure, the two relievers fall momentarily silent, each launching an all-out attack on his sandwich.

"Do you guys ever get any flack from starters who want to stay in the game?" they are asked.

Lyle glances up from his bacon cheeseburger only momentarily. "Shit, no."

Gossage puts his turkey club aside. "Nah. Sure, some of 'em may hate to come out, but when they see Sparky or me back there, they'd rather give the mess to us."

"They sure would," agrees Lyle. "The problem is that a lot of the time the damn manager doesn't know *when* to bring us in."

"It's true," Gossage manages through a mouthful of sandwich.

Sparky finishes his drink and continues: "Managers almost always wait too long. If they bring me in with a man on first and nobody out, I've got a great chance of getting out of that situation without giving up any runs. But if, as usually happens, they wait till there are guys on second and third, no outs, I'm in trouble."

Gossage looks up from his sandwich. "Then a fly ball can make you look like the goat."

"They usually create a bigger mess and make it harder for you," says Lyle.

"The thing is," says Gossage, "a manager gets so much confidence in guys like us that he thinks we're gonna work miracles. I've sat out in that bullpen and thought, 'Bring me in now, bring me in now.' But, sure enough, the guy usually waits till we're up to our necks in trouble."

"And it's a vicious cycle," says Lyle. "If we end up getting out of it, the man-



ager says to himself, 'I brought him in just in time.' He thinks he's a goddamn genius."

They both laugh hard, then return to their food. "But we're not complaining," adds Lyle a moment later. "The guys you really gotta feel sorry for are the good starters with no bullpen behind 'em—guys like Bert Blyleven [traded last winter from Texas to Pittsburgh]."

"It's true," says Gossage. "When I was with the White Sox and Blyleven was with the Twins, our hitters always felt that if we stayed close to Blyleven, we'd beat him. And we did, time after time. With the stuff he's got, if he had someone to clean up the mess in the eighth or ninth, he'd be a big winner."

"Yep," says Lyle, "that's what being a good reliever's all about—cleaning up the other guy's mess. I'd rather save a game any day than win one."

"So would I," agrees Gossage. "You know, in terms of wins and losses, I've only been about a .500 pitcher. Most relievers are. You're never gonna have a great record, pitching in the situations we do. But saves, there's a stat worth having."

Sparky smiles. He enters next season with 201 lifetime saves and could surpass Hoyt Wilhelm's career mark of 227 by the end of the season. "Absolutely," he says, "a guy who's worth 20 to 25 saves a year is priceless to a club. Wins and E.R.A. are fine, but they really don't apply much to us." He pops the last bit of his burger into his mouth and washes it down with the dregs of his drink. "If they really wanna do it accurately, they should keep two different E.R.A.s—one for the reliever and one for the runs he gives up for other people. That's the best measure of how good a job a short-relief man is doing."

"Have you ever computed that for yourself?" Lyle is asked.

"Nope. I don't worry about statistics." He stands and starts putting on his leather jacket. Gossage finishes off his beer and does likewise. "Maybe," adds Lyle, "I'll get to my statistics when I'm old and gray and hanging around in my rocking chair. They're not much good for anything else." He turns and starts walking out.

"Your stats are pretty damn good," he is told. "Maybe you'll have a shot at the Hall of Fame."

Lyle and Gossage stop in their tracks. "Shit, no," says Sparky, "they don't elect relievers to the Hall of Fame." But the response is only a reflex, delivered without thought. As Sparky Lyle stands there, considering the proposition, a grin begins to spread over his face. "Still," he says, "I wouldn't mind being the first one."



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Ten experts sound off!

# Will free agents kill baseball?

(And other crucial questions on the future of our "national pastime")

by RICHARD O'CONNOR

In 1977, major-league baseball set a regular-season attendance record of 38.8 million, an increase of 24 percent over the previous year. The average attendance per game was 19,730, surpassing the record of 17,409 set in 1976. A Harris Poll conducted last July indicated that baseball was the most popular spectator sport in the country.

But many fans and officials are worried. Since 1976, when the epochal Messersmith decision virtually wiped out baseball's long-standing reserve clause, astronomical contracts have been offered to "free agents." (In 1976, 24 free agents received \$25.2 million; this year, \$24.2 million was paid to the top 14 free agents signed.) Some observers feel the new system will assure a championship to the franchise with the thickest bankroll, disrupt competitive balance within divisions, drive up both players' salaries and ticket prices, encourage too much player mobility from team to team and ultimately discourage fans' support of their teams.

In an effort to determine the effects of the free-agent revolution on the game, SPORT presented this issue and others involving the present and future course of the game—including the influence of television, the role of relief pitchers and the effects of artificial playing surfaces—to the following panel of baseball experts:

**BOWIE KUHN**—In his tenth year as the commissioner of baseball. A graduate of the University of Virginia Law School, Kuhn formerly represented

club owners in negotiations with players. His tenure has been marked by continual controversy, most recently when he nullified the sale of Oakland pitcher Vida Blue to the Reds for \$1.75 million in January.

**MARVIN MILLER**—The executive director of the Major League Players Association. Miller was instrumental in securing players' rights in the Messersmith-McNally case. He is the former associate director of the United Steelworkers Union.

**RULY CARPENTER**—Became president of the Philadelphia Phillies in 1972 at age 32. He has been an outspoken critic of excessive free-agent spending, and has threatened to trade any of his players who are unsigned, but even without free agents the Phillies last season had the largest payroll in baseball—\$3,497,900. Although the team drew a club record of over 2.7 million fans, it barely made money, thanks to revenues from two home games in the National League playoffs.

**BRAD CORBETT**—Chairman of the board of the Texas Rangers. He has indulged heavily in the free-agent market. In 1976 he spent approximately \$1.7 million to sign free-agents shortstop Bert Campaneris and pitcher Doyle Alexander, and last year acquired pitcher Doc Medich and outfielder Richie Zisk for a total of \$3.9 million. Texas had the ninth-highest payroll in the majors last year—\$2,099,825—and at the start of the season Corbett claimed the team

needed to draw 1.4 million fans to break even. The Rangers drew a club record of 1.25 million fans last year while finishing second in the A.L. West but, according to Corbett, lost money.

**EARL WEAVER**—Manager of the Baltimore Orioles. In nine seasons he has led Baltimore to five Eastern Division titles, three league pennants and one world championship. Named Manager of the Year in 1973, Weaver is regarded as one of the shrewdest managers in baseball.

**FRANK LANE**—The 78-year-old former general manager of the Chicago White Sox, Cleveland Indians, St. Louis Cardinals and Kansas City Athletics. Lane engineered some of the largest trades in the history of the game. He is now a special assignment scout for the California Angels.






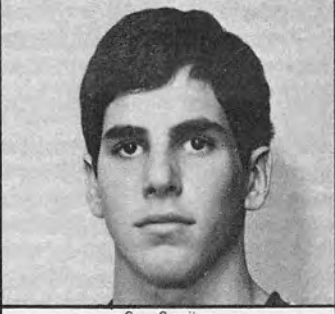
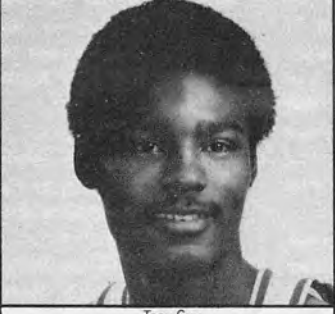


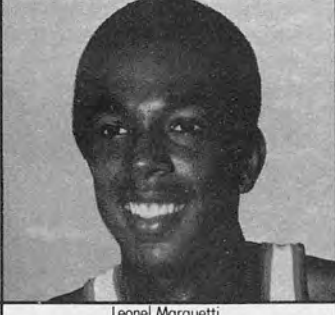
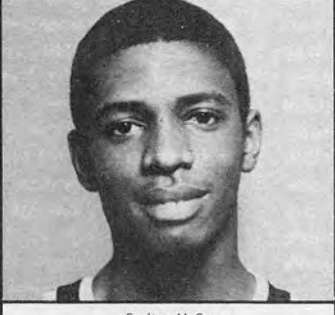


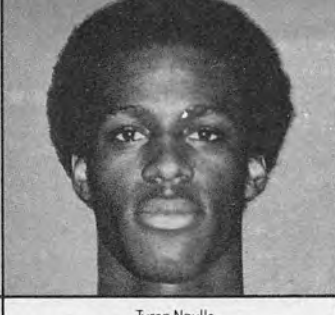
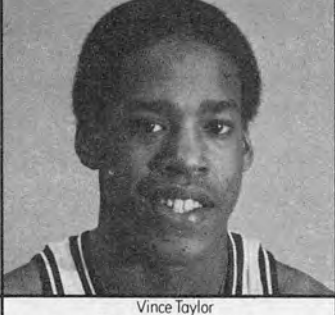
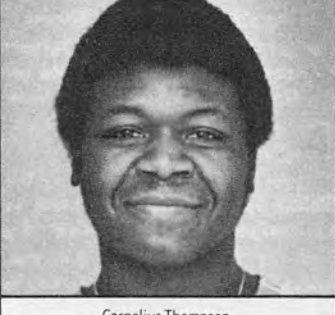

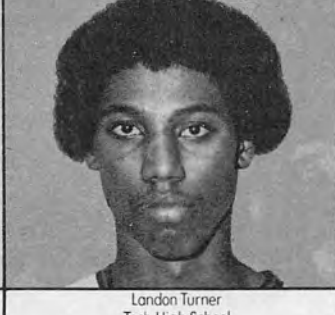
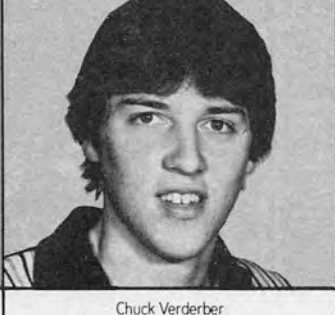
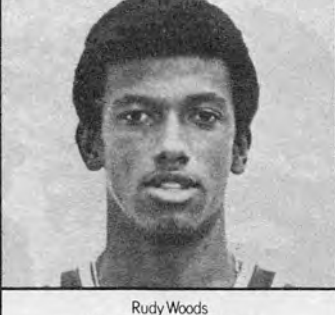
**JIMMY PIERSALL**—A 17-year veteran with the Boston Red Sox, Cleveland Indians, New York Mets, Washington Senators and California Angels. Known for his on-the-field antics and off-the-field candor, Piersall is now a radio broadcaster for the Chicago White Sox.

**JIM BOUTON**—Former 20-game-winning pitcher who played eight years with the New York Yankees, one year with the Seattle Pilots and two with the Houston Astros. He has authored several books, including *Ball Four* and *Glad You Didn't Take It Personally*, and was a television sportscaster in New

Photo-Etchings by Jane Sterrett





			
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# Baseball



BRAD CORBETT



EARL WEAVER



FRANK LANE

York. He has played minor-league ball the last two seasons.

**ELLIOTT MADDOX**—Acquired in the 1977 free-agent draft by the New York Mets after playing for the Texas Rangers, New York Yankees and Baltimore Orioles. A graduate of the University of Michigan's pre-law program, Maddox attends law school in the off-season and runs his own public relations firm, Elliott Maddox Enterprises.

**AL HRABOSKY**—"The Mad Hungarian." Hrabosky pitched eight years for the St. Louis Cardinals and in 1975 was voted Fireman of the Year. One of the best and most colorful relief pitchers in baseball, Hrabosky, 28, was traded in the off-season to the K.C. Royals.

**Is there any way to measure the success or failure of the two-year-old free-agent system? Is it helping or hurting baseball?**

**KUHN:** On one hand it has produced valuable off-season publicity for baseball. Also, we've seen some of the weaker clubs strengthen themselves through this process, and we have not seen the sun belt clubs drawing all the talent, as many people expected.

On the other hand, in the last two years, we've seen salaries jump 60 percent. That's a terrific rate of increase. Present salary levels are at a point where the total compensation for the players' salaries and pensions amounts to 26 percent of our game's revenues. If that number gets to 30 it would be dangerous because it would involve pressure for a higher ticket price. But mainly I am bothered by the fact that the first-division clubs continue to sign a very significant percentage of free agents. If this continues, the threat to competitive balance is obvious. There's going to come a point where the owners will see the dangers it presents and they'll use some self-imposed restraint.

**MILLER:** I just love Mr. Kuhn's sleight-of-hand. Of the 27 free agents signed this year, 12 went to clubs with better records than those they left, 13 went to clubs with worse records, and two went to clubs of comparable records. The difference is hardly earth-shattering. The free-agent system clearly results in a more balanced baseball structure.

**MADDOX:** I tend to agree with Marvin Miller for three reasons. One, free agents foster competition by preventing dynasties. Two, it places the owners and players at equal bargaining levels. And three, I hardly ever believe what

Mr. Kuhn has to say.

**LANE:** The free-agent system is allowing certain owners to monopolize the purchasing of players, and ultimately what you will have is a survival of the richest. Gene Autry doesn't believe any ballplayer is worth a million dollars, but if he doesn't fork it over he will wither and die. The owners are victims of their own self-indulgence. If all major-league clubs had to lay their cards in front of their bankers, at least six of them would be bankrupt.

**CORBETT:** I don't think baseball will ever get to that extreme, but I do think it will eventually develop a two-tier system whereby the teams that are willing to invest in free agents and who have the best facilities will compete in one league separate from the rest.

We are building a solid contender and I have done so according to the present setup in baseball, which is the purchasing of free agents. The pendulum will swing back, though, and while there's a lot of talking this year about the increased free-agent salaries, the players have not gotten the fantastic signing bonuses they got last year.

**CARPENTER:** The free-agent system is hurting baseball because four or five owners have gone out and paid absurd salaries for alleged superstars, thus creating an escalation of salaries throughout baseball. In 1974, the average salary was somewhere around \$49,000. In 1977 it was \$87,000. The result is so high an increase in ticket prices that teams are going to phase the workingman and his family out of baseball.

Corbett, who is one of the owners who created this monster, has mentioned a two-tier system. I think that would destroy fan interest and have an injurious effect on baseball as a whole. I see some merit to Frank Lane's statements. Possibly a few teams will go bankrupt or, eventually, only giant corporations will be able to afford to own a ballclub. Family ownership, on teams such as the Phillies, won't survive.

**BOUTON:** The free-agent system is excellent because players are paid fairly according to their market value, whereas before they were getting paid whatever a general manager felt like paying them. My average salary for eight years in the majors was \$19,500. Because of low salaries like that, players went to court, demanded more money and won. The result has been a resurgence of baseball's popularity. New people are being attracted to the game. Money is pouring in. When Lane says baseball will someday be a survival



of the richest, he's greatly mistaken. Watch when a team goes up for sale. The line of prospective buyers will stretch around the block. If baseball's future were bleak, this wouldn't occur.

**WEAVER:** There's no yardstick to measure the system's effectiveness.

**MILLER:** Early last season when the Yankees were losing, people criticized them for unwise expenditures. Then they turned things around, won the World Series, and people claimed they bought it. The reasoning is foolish. It assumes that prior to the reform of the reserve system, clubs won pennants regardless of how much money they had. That is an absolute untruth. It assumes that the game was amateur before, and suddenly you have introduced money. Money has always been the crucial factor. Many successful teams say that instead of buying free agents they develop their own players in their farm system. Does that make winning more noble? Maybe. But if you think teams are developing tremendous farm systems without spending big money you're visiting *Alice in Wonderland*.

#### Are some high-salaried, long-term players dogging it?

**WEAVER:** Of course. But that's not because of high salaries. There are players making \$40,000 who dog it. It's just that some players are more concerned about improving their talents than others. But that's human nature—not high salaries.

**BOUTON:** Do you think John D. Rockefeller dogged it after he made his first million? Of course not. Why do people always say that about an athlete once he gets rich? I never heard people say a businessman dogs it. Or a lawyer. Or a doctor. Look at the money they make. Professional athletes make it to the big leagues by being fiercely competitive all their lives, and to suggest a paltry million dollars stands in their way is absurd.

**HRABOSKY:** Bouton's right. Pride means a lot to me. I can fool many people but I can't fool myself. I'd play hard no matter what my salary was. Thankfully, the owners' greed makes that salary high.

**CORBETT:** High-salaried players tend to demand more of themselves. Take Catfish Hunter for example. He was in intense pain in last season's World Series game, yet he went out—million dollars and all—and gave it his best. He didn't have to do that.

# "THE TOUGHEST PITCHER I EVER FACED."

by Johnny Bench

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# Baseball



**PIERSALL:** It's only human nature to relax a bit when you know your position is secure.

**Will the increased cost of players' salaries in the major leagues force owners to weaken or perhaps phase out minor-league operations?**

**MILLER:** I'm not so sure. I don't have access to figures, but clubs like Cincinnati or Philadelphia allege that they spend two to three million dollars to operate a farm system from which they get two players a year who can barely make the majors. Not established players, not stars, mind you. Now measure that alleged expenditure against the purchase of free agents.

**PIERSALL:** Miller is full of shit. The minors are essential to baseball. Hell, college players may have the physical tools but they don't have the seasoning and coaching you get from an apprenticeship in the farms. I've seen the Caro-

lina leagues develop players over the years for very little money.

**CORBETT:** Maybe the Reds are spending two million, but the Rangers aren't. Those figures are totally false. It costs you a million to a million and a half to operate a competent farm system. I think a well-managed organization can properly balance spending on the major-league level while cultivating at the minor-league level. Surely, as Piersall said, the colleges can never be a substitute for the farm.

**BOUTON:** Farm teams probably will be phased out. Then the colleges will take over like in football and basketball. Between college and the summer leagues there are plenty of opportunities for a youngster to get adequate baseball experience.

**LANE:** The free-agent system is diverting money from the farms. Back when we had 16 major-league clubs, we had 60 minor leagues. Now we have 26 major-league clubs and only 16 minor leagues, and don't give me that bullshit that colleges can develop the players. They can't.

**KUHN:** People have been hanging black crepe on the minor leagues for years, but there are, give or take two teams, as many today as in 1960. Last year minor-league attendance jumped 13 percent, to over 13 million. The colleges will continue to play a significant role, but that doesn't mean they will replace the minors.

**HRABOSKY:** I've always been a tremendous critic of the minor leagues because they've never paid quality ball-players to be coaches. I've played with guys who were absolutely terrible and are now managing in the minors. The minors are weak now and appear to be getting weaker each year. And with less money being allotted for their operation, they can only get worse.

**CARPENTER:** Minor-league operations are vital because baseball, unlike football and basketball, cannot tap a player who can immediately come to your ballclub and make a great contribution. Perhaps baseball should subsidize colleges to emphasize baseball more, but you would get into all sorts of difficulties with the NCAA.

**Do you favor expansion? If so, doesn't it dilute the talent?**

**CORBETT:** I don't favor architectural expansion—putting a team in the Superdome just because it's a beautiful sta-

dium. But there are enough quality players, so I would favor expansion internationally. Sooner or later we should go to Japan or the Latin American countries, like in soccer.

**CARPENTER:** That's ludicrous! That kind of thinking has created the salary problems. Expansion at this time would be disastrous. I don't think the American League should have expanded the last time. However, maybe we could relocate some existing franchises. Let the Giants move to Toronto. That would produce a great national rivalry between them and Montreal.

**MILLER:** Expansion would be good. You might have a situation where the new clubs are not quite competitive at first, but history has shown that over a period of time they become competitive. The talent is there.

**LANE:** No way. Saying the talent is there is like saying there's good soup on the stove and then company shows up unexpectedly and you throw in quarts of water. Sure, the original ingredients of a good soup are there, but now its quality is diluted by excess.

**PIERSALL:** Frank's so right. Teams looking for a good shortstop or a good pitcher just can't find them.

**MADDOX:** It makes me laugh to think someone would seriously consider expanding to Japan. Owners here are crying about losing money and now they want to spend money to fly to the Orient. Outrageous!

**WEAVER:** There's no dilution of talent. Baseball will never be as weak as it was in the mid-1940s when blacks were ostracized. You had no Willie Mays. With the increasing number of blacks and Puerto Rican players today, there is a need for more clubs.

**KUHN:** Expansion is positive. I recognize the argument that there is a dilution of talent. However, more teams create more jobs, thus attracting more players to the game. In the two new expansion cities last year—Toronto and Seattle—we drew a total of 3,000,000 fans, the most ever in expansion cities.

**In light of such things as night World Series games played in freezing weather and the final 1977 National League playoff game, which was played in a torrential downpour, has television assumed too much control over baseball?**





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## Baseball

**HRABOSKY:** Definitely. Those are two prime examples. Both should have been canceled. But when technocrats want a game on, it stays on, regardless of circumstances. Television rights have gotten so high that if nobody came to a game, a team would still make its money.

**CARPENTER:** When our game with the Dodgers wasn't canceled, TV had something to do with that decision, along with the president of the National League, Chub Feeney. Unfortunately, television makes baseball do foolish things. But networks spend a hell of a lot of money on baseball and that's helpful. Nighttime telecasts of World Series games are tremendous, because they allow the average guy who works during the day to see championship games.

**LANE:** Maybe, but I thought the Phillies game played in that downpour was a disgrace. If that's what baseball has to look forward to in regard to television, it's in trouble.

**KUHN:** That's not true. Chub Feeney made a decision whether or not he wanted to play and he had to consider other things than television: Could he play the game the next day? The forecast for the following day was for bad weather. He had a problem. He didn't want his league held up in finishing its championship series while the other league finished and was resting its pitchers. So Feeney made a decision and television had nothing to do with it.

**PIERSALL:** If television wanted a game played in six inches of snow it might just be aired. Kuhn should dictate policy and not allow himself to be pushed around.

**KUHN:** There is no validity to the charge that television dictates what baseball does. NBC did not desire to have nighttime television in the 1975 World Series. We did, and it's been a tremendous success, although I grant there is the possibility you can play under cooler circumstances at night.

We like to play big postseason games at night when we can because you may have a difference in audience of 25 million people from the afternoon to the night. We're trying to promote baseball to the American public. How are we going to do that by playing these big games on a Wednesday afternoon?

**MADDUX:** That's typical Bowie. Television takes on the role it's allowed to take. Bowie and the owners were so hungry for the money they didn't give two thoughts about the players.



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# Baseball

**WEAVER:** Television should assume more control. Not only does it provide big revenue, but it gives people all over the United States a chance to see all the great players. I've always felt not enough people got to appreciate the talents of Brooks Robinson. I'm a baseball fan and I would love to see more National League games.

**CORBETT:** Television brings in the money which allows teams to function. It's an integral part of baseball.

**BOUTON:** Owners will always jump for the big dollars television offers. And with pay television coming up some time in the future, anybody who owns a live, spontaneous entertainment is going to have a gold mine. Just take the smallest, poorest baseball team and multiply its evening television audience by five cents. Each person pays a nickel to see his team play. That amounts to a ton of nickels; pay-TV money will dwarf the present structure of television money in sports.

## Is Bowie Kuhn doing a good job as baseball commissioner?

**CARPENTER:** Basically he has done a good job in a difficult time. The only mistake he made was when he ordered the major-league clubs to open spring training camps in 1976. The timing for a settlement was crucial regarding the Players Association. Had Bowie not opened the camps, baseball's reserve system might not have been totally wiped out.

**LANE:** Kuhn is a very high-class gentleman. He is also a fine attorney. However, he is not a practical baseball man and he is sometimes unknowledgeable. I don't see how the law of the land permits Bowie Kuhn to tell Charlie Finley who he can and cannot sell.

**PIERSALL:** Just talk baseball with Kuhn and you realize how little he knows. He knows what Frank Lane knows in one finger. Kuhn's always giving you lawyers' talk, and it's lawyers who are ruining this country.

**MILLER:** I'm not sure I should comment on Mr. Kuhn other than to say he's been judged by the wrong standards. The commissioner represents the owners. He is hired by them, paid by them, occasionally fired by them. It's up to the owners to decide whether or not he's done a good job for them. Frankly, I don't understand what the man was trying to do by holding up the sale of Vida Blue to the Reds. I was equally puzzled when he did it the first time.

[Kuhn voided the sale of Blue to the Yankees in 1976.]

**MADDOX:** I agree wholeheartedly with what Marvin has said. Let me add that things have changed since the first time Bowie stepped in to block the sale of Vida. There were no free agents then. But free agency is part of baseball now, and you know how an owner can get burned. I don't see then how the commissioner can stop an owner from selling a player. It's part of the system. Look at when Joe Cronin was sold by Washington to Boston for \$250,000 in 1934. It was worth more in dollars at that time than Vida was worth in dollars in 1976. Yet that went through. Bowie is too inconsistent.

**KUHN:** What I did in the Oakland sale of Vida Blue two years ago was fair and proper. The idea that Finley might be liquidating was part of my decision. When he sold Paul Lindblad to Texas, I was even more concerned. But I opposed the deal mainly because this was bound to be harmful to competitive baseball balance in both divisions of the American League. As it was, the Oakland club remained very competitive and barely lost out to Kansas City.

**HRABOSKY:** I still don't really understand why Kuhn voided the sale. He's always saying it's in the best interest of

baseball, but that's such a general statement. He should be more specific.

**CORBETT:** He's inconsistent. On one hand he lets the Yankees sign all these great players and on the other hand he doesn't let Charlie Finley sell them.

**BOUTON:** Kuhn is the commissioner of the owners and not baseball. He's like some guy the owners hire to groom their lawn. If he does a nice job for them, he stays. If he doesn't, he's fired. It's human nature to work on behalf of the people who are paying your salary.

**KUHN:** More than anything else the commissioner of baseball is viewed as the commissioner of the fans. He must be able to reflect their views into baseball. For instance, you see me urging the maintenance of reasonable ticket prices, and presently I'm urging the return of baseball to Washington. Before a team wants to leave a town, let's give the local fans a chance to buy it if they put up a fair price. This is precisely the commissioner's kind of function. He interfaces between fans and the institution.

## What is the effect of artificial turf on the game?

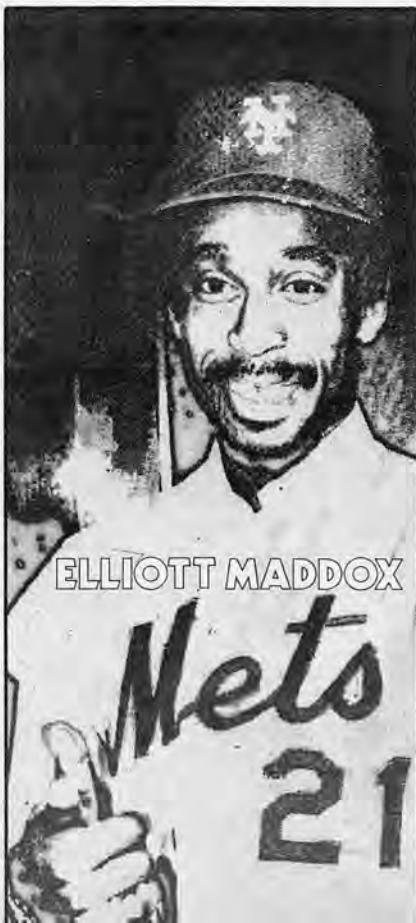
**WEAVER:** There's none. One team has nine players, the other team has nine players. You go out and play the game.

**PIERSALL:** I'd like to hear Weaver one night after a ball on artificial turf takes a ridiculous bounce and he loses a big game. I'd also like to hear him when one of his star fielders dives for a ball and sustains a serious injury. God, you can take that pool-table crap and trash it. One, it shortens a player's career and, two, it doesn't allow for an equitable accountability of the players' statistics, because guys on artificial turf have an advantage.

**MADDOX:** Piersall is right. It shortens players' careers. The turf is harder than cement and it's damaging to the knees. I feel most players would agree with that.

**HRABOSKY:** I do. It's 20 to 30 degrees hotter on artificial turf than grass. It's brutal.

**KUHN:** However, one of the values of the artificial turf is going essentially unrecognized. Take Cincinnati, for example. They went into their new Riverfront Stadium in June, 1970, and because of artificial turf they have never lost a playing date. When they sell tickets in advance they can say to their fans they're going to play baseball.





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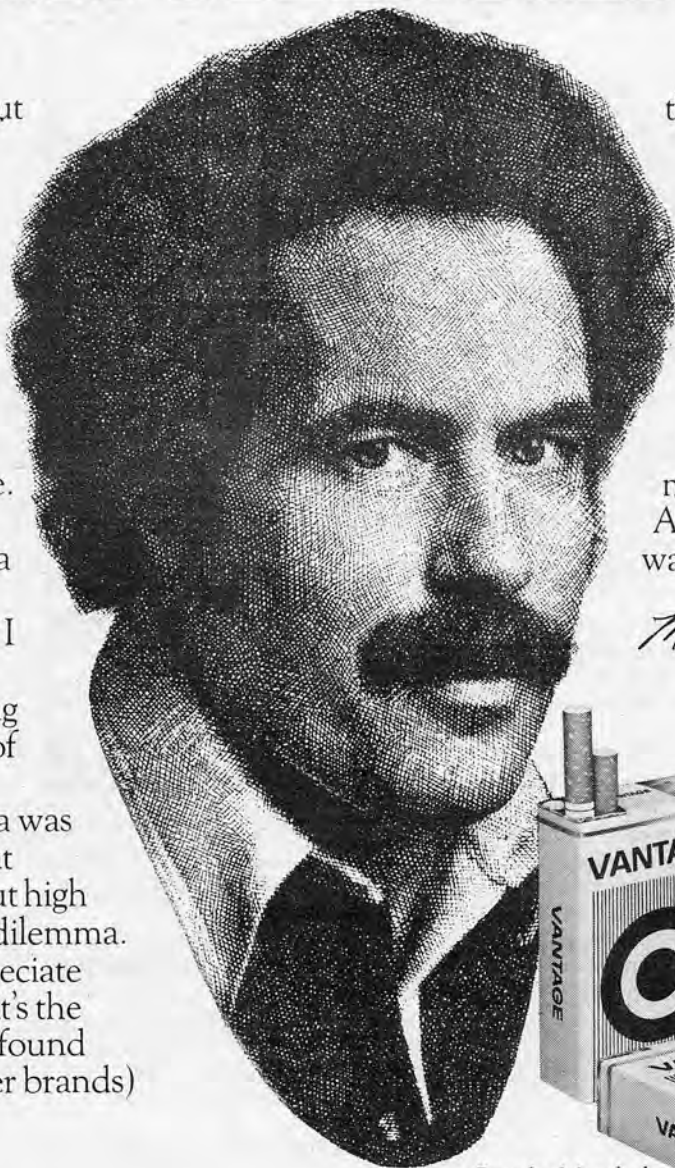
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# Baseball

## What was the single worst trade of the winter meetings?

**PIERSALL:** That's easy. Chicago getting Bobby Bonds was like stealing gold. Here they got a guy who is exciting in every aspect of the game. Sure, Chicago lost Richie Zisk and Oscar Gamble, but all they could do was hit. They couldn't run bases explosively, they couldn't make the big fielding play, they couldn't throw anybody out. Bonds can hit 40 homers and steal 40 bases and California gives him up. Wow!

**LANE:** Sure, Bonds had a good year last year, but we felt Lyman Bostock has more to offer. Maybe Bonds whacks the big homer, but Bostock hit .336, second in the A.L. last season. And don't forget, Lyman is only 27, whereas Bonds is 32.

## How much, if any, has the role of the relief pitcher increased? Are relievers being abused by too much use?

**BOUTON:** The relief pitcher's role is no greater today than it was five or ten years ago. Guys like Dick Radatz of Boston, Hoyt Wilhelm of Chicago and Marshall Bridges and Luis Arroyo of the New York Yankees testify to that.

**WEAVER:** Relief pitchers today are asked to make more appearances than ever before. But so what? If one burns his arm out, you buy another one.

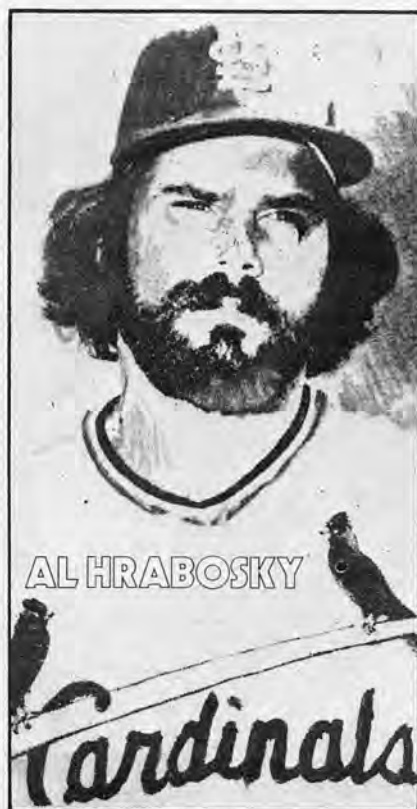
**HRABOSKY:** What Weaver said is real bad news but that is how managers feel. They don't care. Today general managers look for starters who can pitch not a complete game, like in the old days, but who can go six or seven strong innings. Then they look for two or three relief pitchers to come in and fire away. The more appearances a reliever makes, the greater the possibility of burning out his arm.

**PIERSALL:** Today there's no way a team wins a World Series without a superstar reliever. Will McEnaney bailed out the Reds in 1976. And last year it was Sparky Lyle with the Yankees. Lyle's winning the Cy Young Award is evidence that relief pitchers are being given a more significant role.

**LANE:** The game has changed so much. When I was a general manager I always looked to sign five strong starters. Now GMs are looking to sign three good starters and four or five different relief specialists. Why? It's because men like

Lyle and Rich Gossage are being called upon 70 or 80 times a season. That's an awful strain on a frail instrument like the human arm.

**MADDOX:** From a batter's standpoint the increasing specialization of relief pitchers is causing us fits. Say you're playing the Yankees and Don Gullett gets knocked out of the box in the first inning. The Yankees bring in a reliever who can throw his ass off for three innings. Then they bring in another guy, and maybe another, all of whom are spe-



cialists. One has a screwball, one has a fastball, one has a knuckler. Hey, that's tough as hell on a batter.

## Who is the best young player in baseball?

**CARPENTER:** Dave Parker of the Pirates is the most complete. He throws, fields and hits with power.

**MADDOX:** Eddie Murray [first baseman-DH] with Baltimore. When he first came up from the minors, he was hitting the ball purely on instinct. But then, after some coaching, he became utterly devastating.

**HRABOSKY:** The Cardinals' shortstop Garry Templeton. He has so much natural talent that if he wants it, he could be the best shortstop ever to play the game.

**WEAVER:** No question. Eddie Murray or Oakland's Mitchell Page.

## If you were building a team from scratch, what position would you seek to fill first?

**LANE:** An outstanding pitcher. Either starter or reliever. You know, the Chicago White Sox last season had the damndest hitting ballclub and if they had had pitching to match, they would have run away with a championship.

**WEAVER:** But you need five pitchers. I favor a catcher because there's so much stress on defense that when you get a guy like Thurman Munson or Johnny Bench who can do both—defense and offense—you're so far ahead of the game it's not even funny. Look back to most of the championship clubs of the Yankees and you find Bill Dickey and Yogi Berra.

**PIERSALL:** The position is irrelevant. Just get the biggest drawing card.

**KUHN:** Either catcher or shortstop. You need strength up the middle. But also in starting a new ballclub you need competent executives who can acquire the key players and maintain a stable franchise.

## What changes would you like to see baseball make in the future?

**HRABOSKY:** I'd like to see baseball people take more of an interest in the players. Why don't owners take young players aside and show them how to invest their money?

**CORBETT:** I would like to see freer substitution. I like the idea of putting more speed in the game by having designated runners come in in certain innings, particularly late in the game. I'd like to see a pinch-hitter you can use two or three times a game, or a wild-card player you can spot for defensive purposes. And, of course, I'd love to see interleague play.

**CARPENTER:** I recommend that some of my fellow owners use some restraint with salaries. Interleague play will come, but let's straighten out the financial mess before fans end up paying \$15 for a box seat.

**BOUTON:** I suggest a new format for electing the commissioner. Let the owners put up a man, let the players put up a man and have the fans vote. Then the elected official will truly be the commissioner of baseball and not the commissioner of the owners.



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# A fan's guide to pro basketball: part 3

So much NBA strategy revolves around the maneuvering of the big men because, as the author explains, the good ones rebound, set picks, sacrifice themselves—and intimidate like the massive folks they are

by CHARLEY ROSEN

The Portland Trail Blazers were beating the Philadelphia 76ers in the sixth and final game of the 1977 National Basketball Association championships. Bob Gross, the Blazers' lithe 6-foot-6 small forward, drew his third foul and was replaced by husky 6-7 Lloyd Neal. The Blazers now fielded a front line of 6-11 center Bill Walton and power forwards

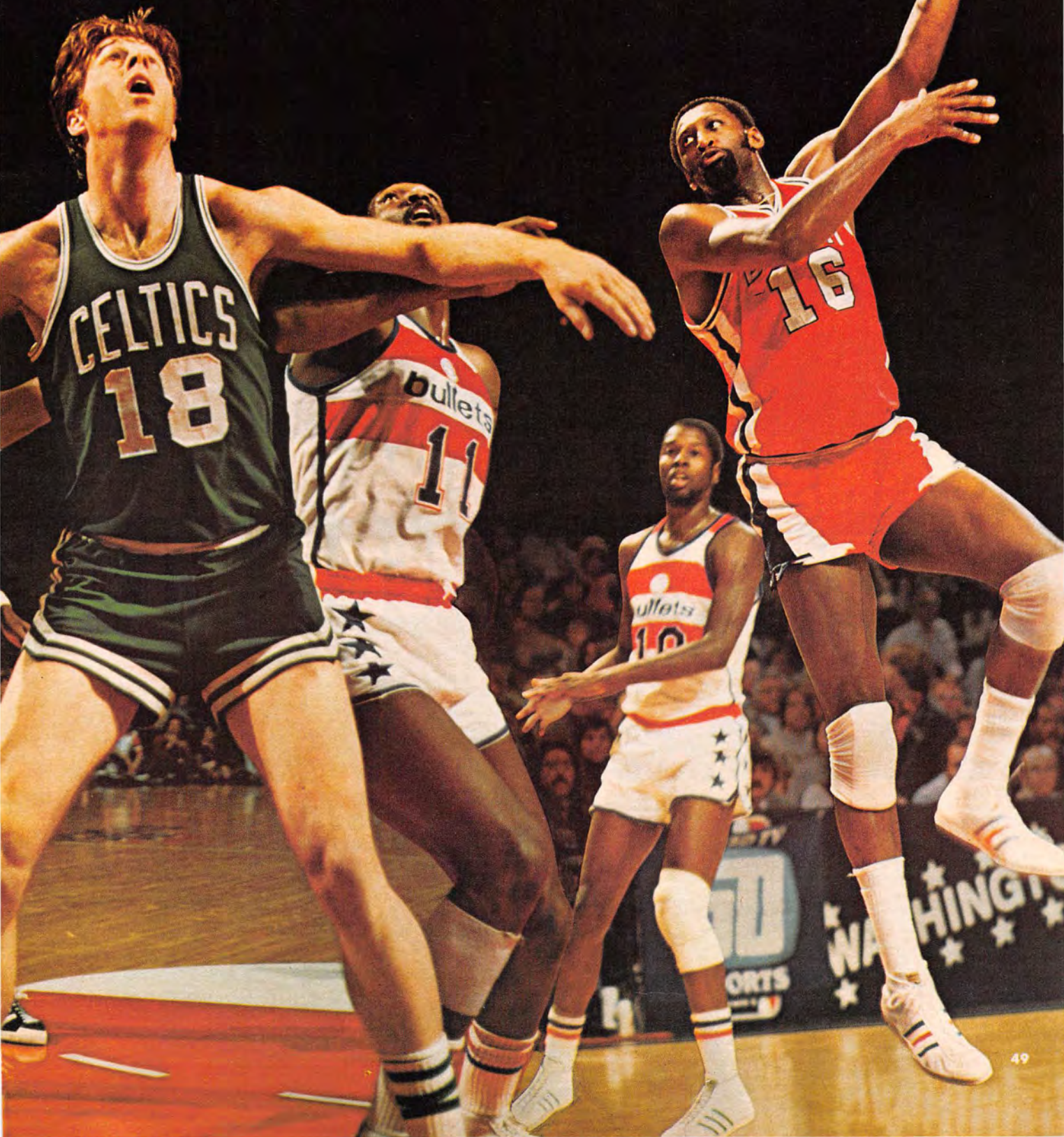




Neal and Maurice Lucas. Philadelphia countered with forward George McGinnis and center Darryl Dawkins—both backboard monsters—and the prodigious Julius Erving. Lucas battled McGinnis while Erving was paired against Neal. . . .

Guard Dave Twardzik controls the ball and the Blazers run a play designed to spring Neal for a jumper from his favorite spot—the top of the key. The 6-9, 218-pound Lucas sets a pick halfway up the foul lane

while Neal barrels up the lane from the baseline, hoping to run his man, Erving, into Lucas' chest. But the Doctor bumps Neal and there's daylight between Neal and Lucas. Erving is about to slip through the opening to follow Neal, when Lucas shoves his shoulder hard into the Doctor's ribcage, stopping Erving in his tracks. Neal continues to the top of the key, taking McGinnis with him on the switch while Erving remains behind to guard Lucas.







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# "THERE I WAS READY TO ENJOY AN A&C GRENADIER, WHEN HE SANK A 63-FOOT BASKET."

Everything jelled my second year as the Knicks' coach. We played the kind of basketball that was as close to the theory of how basketball should be played as one end of the A&C Grenadier I'm smoking is to the other.

Of course, a couple of times during the 69-70 season we seemed to unjell. Like in the third game of the playoffs. At half time, the other team had a solid 14-point lead. We just couldn't do anything right.

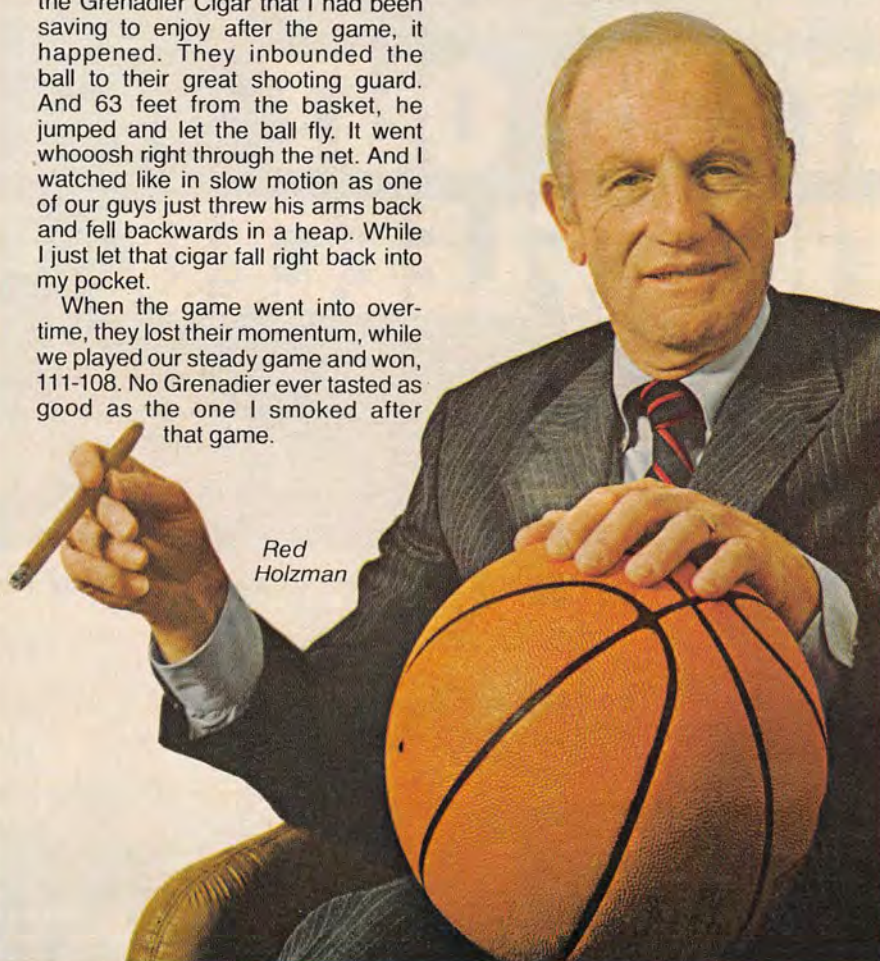
In the second half we started clicking. With 12 seconds left to play the score was tied at 100-all. We set a play to get our sure-shooting forward free. But he couldn't get clear. With seven seconds left the pass went to our big forward. He faked. Jumped. Shot. Scored. And we went ahead 102-100; with 3 seconds left to play. And they had no more timeouts left.

But just as I started to reach for the Grenadier Cigar that I had been saving to enjoy after the game, it happened. They inbounded the ball to their great shooting guard. And 63 feet from the basket, he jumped and let the ball fly. It went whoosh right through the net. And I watched like in slow motion as one of our guys just threw his arms back and fell backwards in a heap. While I just let that cigar fall right back into my pocket.

When the game went into overtime, they lost their momentum, while we played our steady game and won, 111-108. No Grenadier ever tasted as good as the one I smoked after that game.



**A&C...  
ONE BEAUTIFUL  
SMOKING  
EXPERIENCE.**



## Guide, part 3

Neal takes a pass from Twardzik, turns and launches a 20-foot jump shot. While the ball spins through the air, the players prepare for a rebound. Lucas is two inches taller than Erving so the Trail Blazer immediately heads for the basket. Erving places his body directly across Lucas' path in an attempt to box out the bigger man, sealing Lucas from the offensive boards. But Lucas thumps a forearm into Erving's back and shoves him aside. Neal's shot misses the mark, but Lucas uses his perfect position to snare the rebound and stuff the ball through the hoop. . . .

Julius Erving has been assaulted with an illegal moving pick and steam-shoveled with an angry forearm. There is nothing he can do about it. He has just been bullied by the most aggressive power forward in the league.

The power forward, or strong forward, is a tough hombre who specializes in defense, picks, rebounds, and the kind of selective brutality that's part of any contact sport. But it's a mistake to think that power forwards are nothing more than hatchet men. They are some of the finest players in the league: Detroit's Leon Douglas, New York's Lonnie Shelton, Kansas City's Bill Robinson, New Jersey's Tim Bassett, Cleveland's Jim Brewer, San Antonio's Mark Olberding and Seattle's Paul Silas.

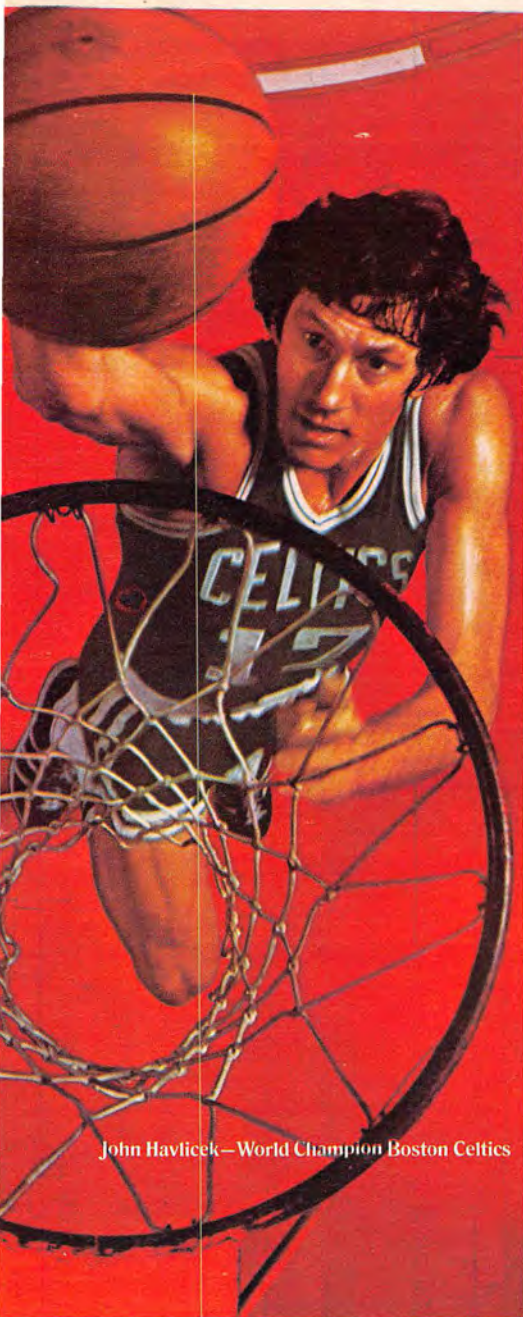
Most of the power forward's duties are fulfilled away from the ball. Pattern teams (see "A fan's guide to pro basketball: part 1," February) must be galvanized by picks set by their big men. These picks are vital offensive weapons as important as accurate jump shots. The player setting the pick plants himself in a strategic location to block the path of a teammate's defender. Picks on the strong side (wherever the ball happens to be) are usually designed to free a good shooting guard and create an immediate shot. Weak-side picks are used to force the defense into switches, perhaps matching a short defender against a taller offensive player who is afforded an easy shot. A man setting a pick is supposed to be perfectly stationary and, according to the rules, the "pickee" must be allowed room to change his direction and avoid the contact.

"All the good big men set moving picks," says Chet Walker, a retired forward formerly with Philadelphia, Syracuse and Chicago. "If you can move on the pick, you can nail your man every time. All you have to do is make it look like you're moving because the defensive man has run into you. If the officials see anything, they just see the contact. Then they have to guess who initiated it or ignore it. Most of them let it go."

The power forward's other martial art



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**Nutrament. It could make the difference between a good game  
and your best game.**

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# VRR-ROOM!

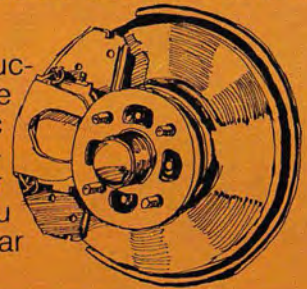
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# Guide, part 3

is rebounding, which is an essential ingredient in any club's success. Good defensive rebounding can deny a team as many as 15 extra shots every game. And offensive rebounds almost always turn into field goals or free throws. Most players think that the best jumpers make the best rebounders, but according to Bill Russell—who had 21,620 rebounds in his career—virtually all rebounds are captured below basket level. Position is much more important than bounce or bulk. . . .

Paul Silas, a 6-7, 220-pound power forward for the Seattle Supersonics, has a black belt in rebounding. Seattle is entertaining the Philadelphia 76ers, and early in the third quarter Silas is creamed by a moving pick and forced to switch onto 6-11, 245-pound Darryl Dawkins. A shot is taken from the other side of the court and Silas addresses himself to boxing out the powerful young center. Silas bangs his butt into Dawkins' thighs and straightens him to a standstill. The rebound sails in their direction but Dawkins has been rocked back on his heels so Silas barely has to leave the ground to nab the loose ball.

"It's very hard to teach NBA players to box out," says Tom Sanders, the Boston Celtics' head coach. "They're all programmed to start jumping as soon as the shot goes up. All you can do is hope they've had good coaching in college." But Sanders cautions there are times when boxing out is undesirable. "If your opponent is much stronger than you," Sanders says, "you create contact when you box him out, and you allow him to utilize his strength. Sometimes it's better just to rely on your quickness to get to the rebound. It all depends on the matchups."

Some power forwards like Golden State's E.C. Coleman, Denver's Bobby Jones and Portland's Corky Calhoun are all-out defensive specialists. But all power forwards are very active whenever their teams play zone defenses. On the strong side, a power forward plays his man tight and aggressively. When he's on the weak side, the defender relaxes the man-to-man pressure and drifts over to help clog the middle. The forward then has to be careful that the offense doesn't swing the ball around the perimeter and catch him leaning too far in the wrong direction.

Although power forwards do most of their work without the ball, they must be capable of scoring enough points to rate serious defensive attention or else their teammates can easily be double-teamed. Power forwards are sometimes mediocre long-range shooters, but a power forward can always manufacture easy shots for himself with offensive rebounds. . . .

Seattle's Silas takes a pass and finds himself in the clear only a step beyond the foul line. But he ignores the shot and returns the ball to his teammate, guard Fred Brown. Silas knows that Brown will be shooting, so he steams toward the basket to rebound. To avoid being boxed out, Silas runs a "banana" route that takes him past defenders and out of bounds before he finally arrives back on the court underneath the basket. Silas now has the better, inside rebounding position as Brown lofts a jumper which misses. Silas lunges off the ground and grabs the missed shot. Then he climbs back up to the basket and tosses in a layup with a pair of defenders clinging to his back.

"It's all a matter of logic," says Tom Heinsohn, former coach of the Celtics. "Silas isn't a good outside shooter, but even if he makes six of ten shots he still hurts his ballclub. If Silas is shooting from the outside, that means he's in poor position for four rebounds. That also means that his center is getting double-teamed and that a guard has to crash and rebound or else all four missed shots will be conceded to the defense. If the guard gets one of the four rebounds, then the team's potential total for Silas' ten shots is 14 points. But if a good shooter takes ten shots and makes the same six, Silas will most likely get two of the four rebounds. The potential for the same ten shots is now 16 points."

In addition to a power forward who concentrates on rebounding and defense, most teams have at least one tall forward who specializes in scoring points. This offensive forward position showcases the most individualized talent in the league. Some scoring forwards rely on pure long-range shooting—Houston's Rudy Tomjanovich, Cleveland's Campy Russell and Seattle's Bruce Seals. Some depend on great moves to free themselves for close-range shots—John Shumate of the Detroit Pistons and Mike Bantom of the Indiana Pacers. Some are high-flying speedsters—Walter Davis of the Phoenix Suns and Julius Erving of the 76ers.

One unfortunate tendency of many scoring forwards is imposing their individual will upon the team game instead of waiting until the flow of the game comes around to him. Hit or miss, forced shots can easily destroy any ballclub's offensive rhythm.

The recently retired Bob Love is a classic example of a scoring forward who moved with the flow. "To be truly effective on offense," says Love, "a scoring forward has to wear his man down. You have to bring him inside and then bring him outside. I never fought defensive pressure because I really wasn't strong enough. If someone tried to keep me from going right, then I'd go left. If I got bumped, I'd change direction and go another way. But I'd always

## Rating the tall forwards

	BALL HANDLING	PASSING	SPEED	CREATING OWN SHOT	SPOT SHOOTING	SHOT SELECTION	EFFECTIVENESS W/O BALL	POSITION DEFENSE	DEFENSIVE ANTICIPATION	STRENGTH	OFFENSIVE REBOUNDING	DEFENSIVE REBOUNDING	CONSISTENCY	VERSATILITY	DURABILITY	TOTAL
Julius Erving	4	3	4	4	3	3	2	1	4	4	3	4	3	4	4	50
Bobby Jones	3	4	4	1	3	3	4	4	4	3	3	3	4	3	4	50
Rick Barry	4	4	3	4	4	4	4	4	4	2	2	1	3	3	4	50
Lonnie Shelton	3	2	4	3	3	3	3	3	4	4	4	4	2	3	4	49
E. C. Coleman	2	2	3	2	3	4	4	4	4	4	3	3	4	3	4	49
George McGinnis	3	3	4	3	2	2	3	2	4	4	4	4	2	3	4	47
Paul Silas	2	3	2	2	1	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	3	2	4	47
Maurice Lucas	2	2	2	3	3	3	3	4	2	4	4	4	3	3	4	46
Jim Brewer	2	2	4	2	2	3	3	4	4	4	3	3	3	3	4	46
Larry Kenon	3	2	4	3	3	3	2	2	3	3	4	4	2	3	4	45
Truck Robinson	2	1	4	3	3	3	2	2	3	4	4	4	3	2	4	44
Elvin Hayes	2	1	4	4	3	2	2	3	3	4	4	4	2	2	4	44
Campy Russell	4	2	3	4	4	3	2	2	2	2	3	3	2	4	4	42
Kermit Washington	1	2	3	2	3	3	3	2	2	4	4	4	3	3	3	42
Sidney Wicks	3	3	4	4	3	3	2	2	2	3	3	3	2	2	3	42
Leon Douglas	1	2	2	3	2	2	3	3	2	4	4	3	3	3	4	41
Rudy Tomjanovich	2	2	2	2	4	4	3	3	2	3	3	2	3	2	4	41
Spencer Haywood	2	1	4	4	3	2	2	2	2	4	3	2	3	3	3	39

LEGEND 4=outstanding 3=good 2=average 1=poor





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# Guide, part 3

keep moving. When my man got tired I had all the open shots I could use."

Scoring forwards—if they can handle the ball well enough to penetrate—can present unusual problems for defenses. The flanks of a zone defense are particularly vulnerable to a quick forward. . . .

Golden State Warriors forward Rick Barry has dribbled around a Los Angeles Laker and is cruising along the baseline toward the basket. With the Lakers in a 2-2-1 funnel zone (see "A fan's guide to pro basketball: part 1," February), the only person between Barry and the basket is the Lakers' center, Kareem Abdul-Jabbar. As Abdul-Jabbar moves to block Barry's drive, Warrior center Clifford Ray cuts behind Abdul-Jabbar and heads for the basket. Barry freezes Abdul-Jabbar's sneakers with a nifty head fake, then bounces a pass to Ray, who gleefully converts it into a dunk shot.

On page 55 is a chart, assembled with the aid of a panel of basketball experts and which is modeled after the scouting forms used by some NBA teams, that rates the top tall forwards. A similar chart rating the centers appears on this page.

A quality center is the rarest and most valuable commodity in the NBA. There are only four active centers who have started on championship ballclubs—Kareem Abdul-Jabbar, Clifford Ray, Dave Cowens and Bill Walton. A ballclub reflects the character, talent and mobility of its center, especially on offense. If a center must play in the low pivot with his back to the basket, then his team is forced into a deliberate, pattern offense and the roster must be top-heavy with good shooters. If a center can play on the high post and face the basket, then the middle is open to penetration and his team can use a quicker, more diversified offense.

Contrary to popular belief, a high-scoring center doesn't guarantee a team's success. Over the last 22 years, only three NBA championships have been won by a team whose center averaged as much as 20 points a game. The Philadelphia Warriors had Wilt Chamberlain (24.1) in 1967, the New York Knicks had Willis Reed (21.7) in 1970 and the Milwaukee Bucks had Kareem Abdul-Jabbar (31.7) in 1971. In 1961-62 and 1962-63, Wilt Chamberlain averaged 50.4 and 44.8 points per game, but his teams, Philadelphia and San Francisco, played just .500 basketball.

A center like Chamberlain, who can only operate down low with his back to the basket, has numerous drawbacks. He invites a sagging, collapsing zone defense. Any seven-footer so close to the offensive boards will get easy baskets, but the sagging zone keeps the rest of

the offense 15 to 25 feet away from the hoop. The clogged middle also negates the talents of a penetrating guard or forward. Chicago guard Norm Van Lier used to be the finest penetrating guard in the NBA, but since 7-2 center Artis Gilmore has set up shop in "the hole," Van Lier has no place to go and no real function on offense.

"For an NBA offense to succeed night after night, it needs speed and flexibility," says Tom Heinsohn, who has coached or played on ten championship Celtic teams. "Anybody who averages 30 points a game is hurting his team. The more points you expect from one guy, the tougher they are to get. The Lakers lose whenever Jabbar has an off-night. I'd much rather have one guy getting 18 points a game and another guy averaging 12. Those two players will give me the same 30 points more consistently than one big guy in the middle."

This doesn't mean that centers can't have considerable offensive punch. There are many ways for a center to score within the natural flow of the ballgame. . . .

The Boston Celtics are in a fast break, but their three-on-two advantage fails to yield an acceptable shot. Guard Jo Jo White pulls the ball off to the side and waits. Now the Celtics are playing four-on-four. But center Dave Cowens suddenly pops through the key, roars down the lane and takes a pass from White. Cowens dribbles once and hits an easy

jump shot over a helpless guard. On the next Celtics' break, Sidney Wicks misses a layup, but Cowens arrives just in time to tip in the rebound.

Centers can always run themselves into easy scoring opportunities because they usually trail the play and can see exactly how the defense is deployed. This enables them to fill the open lanes and occupy the unguarded areas. Even a slow center can amass ten or 12 "garbage" points every game by hustling, picking-and-rolling and hitting the offensive boards.

But shooting and scoring are not the only ways for a center to produce points. Passing off from the low or high post to cutting teammates is an essential aspect of any well-oiled offense. . . .

Alvan Adams, the Suns' 6-9 center, receives a pass near the top of the key and holds the ball high to keep his accurate jump shot a constant threat as he wheels to face the basket. The Phoenix guards have released to the corners to set picks for the forwards. But the defense moves one step ahead of the play, so guard Paul Westphal fakes the pick and cuts sharply to the basket. Adams finds him with a lob pass and Westphal has a layup.

Tom Boerwinkle of the Chicago Bulls, Sam Lacey of the Kings and Rich Kelley of the New Orleans Jazz are some of the finest passing centers in the league, but Bill Walton is easily the most versatile. "Walton can play inside

## Rating the centers

	PASSING	SPEED	CREATING OWN SHOT	SPOT SHOOTING	SHOT SELECTION	EFFECTIVENESS W/O BALL	POSITION DEFENSE	DEFENSIVE ANTICIPATION	STRENGTH	OFFENSIVE REBOUNDING	DEFENSIVE REBOUNDING	CONSISTENCY	VERSATILITY	DURABILITY	TOTAL
Bill Walton	4	3	3	4	4	4	4	4	3	3	4	4	4	2	50
Dave Cowens	3	3	2	3	4	4	4	4	4	3	4	4	3	3	48
Kareem Abdul-Jabbar	3	2	4	3	4	2	3	4	4	2	4	4	2	3	44
Artis Gilmore	2	1	4	2	3	3	4	3	4	4	4	3	2	4	43
Bob McAdoo	1	4	4	4	3	2	2	3	2	3	4	3	4	4	43
Alvan Adams	4	4	2	4	4	3	3	3	2	3	3	3	3	2	43
Bob Lanier	2	2	4	4	4	2	3	2	4	3	3	3	3	3	42
Clifford Ray	2	3	2	1	4	4	4	3	4	3	3	3	2	4	42
Dan Issel	2	2	2	4	4	4	3	2	3	2	2	4	4	4	42
Billy Paultz	3	1	3	4	4	3	3	3	4	2	2	3	3	4	42
Swen Nater	2	1	3	3	3	4	4	2	4	3	4	3	2	4	42
Jim Chones	2	4	4	4	3	2	3	2	3	2	3	2	3	4	41
Sam Lacey	4	3	2	2	3	3	3	3	3	2	4	2	2	4	40
Marvin Webster	1	3	3	3	3	2	2	3	4	4	4	2	2	3	39
Moses Malone	1	4	3	2	3	2	2	2	3	4	4	2	2	4	38

LEGEND 4=outstanding 3=good 2=average 1=poor



# Guide, part 3

and outside," says retired guard Dean Meminger. "He has great concentration and great court sense. He knows where everybody is and where they are going to be. His passes are always on the money and easy to handle."

A center's contributions are important on offense, but they are most vital on defense. The center's primary defensive tasks are to rebound, prohibit easy shots and protect the middle from penetrating offensive players. These jobs require as much body control and finesse as the trickiest offensive move. . . .

Wayne "Tree" Rollins is a 7-foot-1, 235-pound rookie center for the Atlanta Hawks who is still learning his way around the league. The Hawks are playing the Knicks at the Omni and midway through the second quarter, New York's Bob McAdoo goes up for a jump shot from the foul line. Rollins is guarding Spencer Haywood, but the rookie sniffs out the free man and attacks the ball as McAdoo is set to release the shot. Rollins throws an overhand punch at the ball and blasts it out of bounds. But the whistle blows and a foul is called on the rookie.

"They'll always call a foul if you take a full-arm swing at the ball," says recently retired Nate Thurmond, the third best career rebounder in NBA history. "The refs will whistle you even if there's no contact. The only acceptable way to block shots in the NBA is to go up and just flick your wrist and tap the ball away. That's exactly the way that Bill Russell used to do it."

The tallest centers are not always the best shot-blockers. Most of the bigger men—like Bob Lanier, Artis Gilmore, Tom Burleson and Swen Nater—have to gather themselves before they jump and are consequently very slow getting off the floor. The Nets' George Johnson, a 6-11 leaper, is the NBA's leading shot-blocker, averaging one blocked shot about every nine minutes. But Johnson, like many great leapers, is too eager to leave his feet and is susceptible to fakes. Johnson has been battling chronic foul trouble throughout his career and can rarely be counted on for more than 25 effective minutes a game. Bill Walton, the NBA's leading shot-blocker last season with 3.25 per game, has mastered the most important part of shot-blocking: Not jumping to make the block until the shot has been released.

"Most people put too much emphasis on blocked shots anyway," says Nate Thurmond. "A guy can block a lot of shots and still be a poor defensive player. Elmore Smith of the Cavaliers is always among the league leaders but Elmore wants to block every shot in sight and he's constantly drifting away from

his own man at the wrong times. A good defensive center will also intimidate a lot of shots and never get any statistical credit when they miss."

Communication is far more important to good team defense than blocked shots. A center sees the entire floor and he can inform teammates of impending picks. He must always know exactly where his own man is at all times. "The best way to do this," says Thurmond, "is to keep your hands on your man so you won't have to look at him to know what he's up to. And if you can touch him, you can also try and influence his movements." In the NBA, it's this exercise of influence that leads to most of the violence.

Steve Patterson, who had a five-year career in the NBA as a center with Cleveland, can attest to the secret wars that the big men wage. "When I was a rookie with Cleveland in 1971," says Patterson, "Bob Lanier was one of the first guys I faced. I was aware of Bob's great strength but I went out there and leaned on him, hammered him and prac-

## Thurmond: "A guy can block a lot of shots and still be a poor defensive player"

tically hung on him. I figured I was playing him heads up. Then, all of a sudden, he just wrapped his arm around me and threw me to the ground like I was made of straw. I made a four-point landing and bruised both elbows so badly that I had bone chips for the next few years. Bob wasn't trying to hurt me. He merely gave me a graphic illustration that while I could play rough and strong, there was a line past which I could not go.

"Players will get very physical with you when you're new in the league. But after you battle back so many times, they begin to concede things to you. Once they know you're going to fight them for a certain spot, they'll just let you have it. Or when they see that you're going to box out every time, they just stop going to the offensive boards against you. Once that line is established, everybody respects it and the longer you play the easier it gets."

Sometimes a center has to come out from under the basket on defense. Few big men enjoy chasing after speedy guards 20 feet and more from the hoop, but sometimes a switch demands it. . . .

The Celtics are playing at Indiana and 6-3 Ricky Sobers and 6-10 Len Elmore are trying to entangle Jo Jo White and Dave Cowens in a pick and roll. Sobers

succeeds in picking off White on Elmore and the Pacers' big man spins and heads for the basket. But Cowens switches eagerly from Elmore to Sobers and leaps at the Pacers' guard almost 30 feet from the basket. Sobers retreats and hastily unloads the ball to the weak-side guard. The pick and roll has been forestalled.

"When Dave switches on a guard," says White, "he stays switched. The little man usually wants no part of a red-headed monster jumping all over the place and waving his arms like crazy. His own big man may be free underneath, but all the guard wants to do is get rid of the ball and get the hell away from Cowens. It makes for a lot of bad passes and more fast breaks for us."

"A center who is both fast and powerful is a jewel," says one NBA veteran. "But a center with a heart for defense is a blessing. A guy like that can inspire a ballclub. Look at Cowens. For almost eight years he's been going 100 percent, 40 minutes a game. Whew! A coach has to take care of his horse, you know? I'm not saying that Cowens is ready for the glue factory yet, but his intensity level is down, which is one reason why the Celtics are doing poorly this season."

The big man must be the prime mover, not necessarily as the statistical leader, but as the man who greases a smooth offense with his passing, picking and hustling, and fortifies the defense with intimidation, rebounding and careful positioning. The center sets the tone. When he sacrifices his individual stats to assume these roles, everybody sacrifices—for the good of the team. "It's great when 11 guys can work together to implement a tactical game plan," says Bill Walton. "It's fun when you can forego your own personal glory for a team goal. But the willingness to sacrifice must come from within a player."

Cynics say that winning is the only thing that begets harmony, and that talent is the only thing that wins. Yet the world champion Portland Trail Blazers weren't the most talented team in the league last year. The Blazers make up for their shortcomings with never-ending hustle. Most of all, Portland wins because each player embraces his role and trusts that his teammates will accept and perform theirs.

"Role-playing is almost a lost art nowadays," says John Havlicek, the league's senior citizen and a veteran of eight championship Celtic teams. "Many of today's young players don't want to work without the ball. They only want to score a lot of points, just like they did in college, and they're very concerned with their own statistics. Most of them really don't believe that basketball is a team game, but that's the only way to win in the NBA." ■



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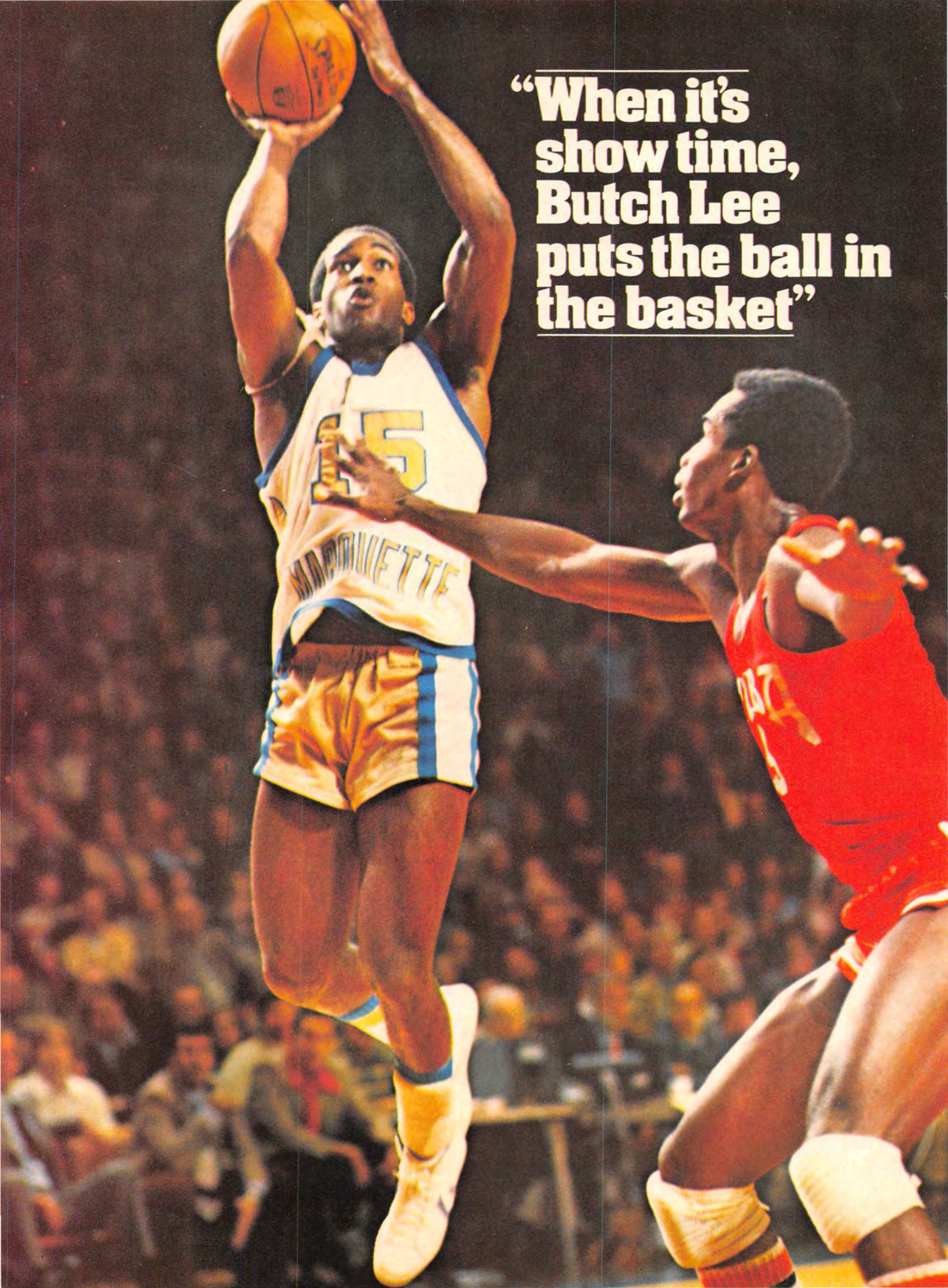
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**“When it’s  
show time,  
Butch Lee  
puts the ball in  
the basket”**





Says Al McGuire, former coach of defending NCAA champion Marquette, who also predicts that the 6-foot-1 All-America will be drafted by the first NBA team that needs a guard

by PHILIP SINGERMAN

Outside the old brick building housing the gym where Marquette University's basketball team was practicing, the afternoon temperature plunged toward zero and downtown Milwaukee was fast closing up for Christmas Eve. Shop doors were locked, traffic had slowed to a trickle and only an occasional bundled figure scurried along the ice-covered streets in the drab neighborhood surrounding the campus. The gym, spare but immaculate, with a banked running track above the basketball court and faded photographs of past teams hanging in the halls, was redolent of high canvas sneakers and two-handed set shots; the perfect place for a charity game between the school's faculty and the local police department, but hardly the spot you'd expect to find the defending NCAA championship basketball team.

I had come to Marquette to do a story on 21-year-old Butch Lee, the 6-foot-1 All-America guard from DeWitt Clinton High School in New York City; a consummate backcourt man with all the inner-city moves, who can shake 'n' bake like an electric eel, penetrate the toughest defense, hit the open man and fire a deadly jump shot anywhere from up to 18 feet out. Last year, as a junior, Lee led Marquette's Warriors to their first national title in the school's history and was named the NCAA tournament's MVP. This season he was captain of a squad that in depth and experience had the potential to repeat as champions, but was the first Marquette team since 1964 to play without the retired Al McGuire as head coach.

I was sitting there in the old gym watching Hank Raymonds, for 13 years McGuire's assistant and now his successor, try to zap a little life into an uninspired scrimmage that had been go-

**Though Lee hits jump shots from up to 18 feet out, he is passing off more this season to ready himself for the pros.**

ing on for about 20 minutes and was threatening to disintegrate into a ten-man waltz. "Goddamn it, Ulice," Raymonds shouted at 6-6 forward Ulice Payne. "don't just wave your hand at the man, stick it in his face. And Jerome," he yelled to 6-10 center Jerome Whitehead. "don't let your man take you out of the middle. Jam it up and intimidate him. C'mon, B.T.," he hollered over to 6-9 forward Bernard Toone. "Show some intensity out there. Intensity! Play D like you mean it."

Suddenly Butch Lee stole a pass and began dribbling upcourt. His man picked him up and Lee turned slightly, protecting the ball with his body as he watched the other eight men align themselves in front of him. He crossed the half-court line, gliding in a low crouch, dribbled between his legs to get position on the man guarding him, and accelerated. Arms flailing, Lee's man stuck with him. But as Butch slowed slightly at the foul line with a stutter dribble, the man relaxed and Butch was gone. He accelerated a second time like a sprinter out of the blocks, then, twisting and turning in midair, soared for the hoop. He pumped once, twice and, in the sea of outstretched arms and straining bodies, released the ball—not at the basket but behind his back to Whitehead, who scored with an emphatic two-hand slam dunk.

In a game that kind of play can break an opposing team's spirit. It's a masterful schoolyard move that says, "Put up your best defense: I'm the *man*, I'm coming through and there's no way you can stop me."

It was only a scrimmage, but as Lee continued to thread his way through traffic as if there were no defenders on the court, I thought back to the '76 Olympics:

After failing to get a tryout bid from the Americans, Lee, who had been born in San Juan, joined the Puerto Rican team and got 35 points in a game against the United States. Puerto Rico lost in the final second by a point. But Lee, scoring virtually every time he put the ball up, singlehandedly ripped apart the Americans' defense. It was a display not of great one-on-one basketball, but one-on-five.

The Marquette Warriors' practice was over and Butch sat on a training table in his shorts. He is built thick through the chest and shoulders with powerful arms and the thighs of a running back. Up close, his bulk makes him look shorter than 6-1, and incapable of the startling quickness he displays on the court. His face is determined, his eyes wary but not unkind; he seems at once street-tough, compassionate and

intelligent. As Bob Weingart, the trainer, rubbed liniment into Butch's right shoulder other players drifted into the room.

Two nights earlier, after six straight victories, Marquette had suffered its first defeat of the season, losing to Louisville by one point. Now the Warriors were preparing for the annual Milwaukee Classic, a four-team tournament beginning the day after Christmas. "I don't know about this tournament shit, man," Oliver Lee shouted from his perch on the scale. "School's closed, man; chicks all gone home."

Across the room Ulice Payne sat naked on a table near Butch, his dark skin glistening with sweat, the muscles in his lean body rippling as he laughed. "You better get used to it, dude, 'cause you'll be spending Christmas here for three more years. Besides, man, tournament's a good time for you: A quiet time to meditate on your evil ways."

"I ain't got no evil ways, man," Oliver Lee said.

"That's because you're only a freshman," said Butch. "Evil ways are like a fine wine. It takes time to develop 'em."

Light snow, fine as sifted flour and driven by a brutal wind off Lake Michigan, whipped across the deserted streets as Butch and I hunted for a place to eat. "I don't know about the good restaurants," he said. "We don't get to eat in them too often, and I don't think any of 'em 'd be open now anyhow. Might as well go to the Big Boy down the block 'fore we freeze to death." As we crossed the street a Cadillac, clean but past its prime, pulled up to the opposite curb and a middle-aged black man climbed out. "Butch, hey, Butch," he cried. The man approached, fighting the wind, one hand clamped on his hat, the other extended. "I just wanted to shake your hand, Butch, and tell you what a good game you played the other night."

"Thank you, brother," Butch said. "I appreciate your stopping." The man held onto Butch's hand for what seemed like half a minute, groping for something further to say but no words came out. Then he gripped Butch's upper arm with his other hand and it seemed that tears came to his eyes. "Well, merry Christmas," he finally mumbled and trotted back to his car.

Inside the Big Boy, Butch said, "You know, I'd really like to meet O.J. Simpson or Julius Erving. I wonder what that man would think if he knew that. It's funny. I used to see David Thompson on TV and he'd be killin' everybody and I'd wonder what sort of guy he was and now I've met him and he's just a real nice person. I'm just a plain human being but because of television and



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# Butch Lee

everything, people don't realize that."

As a high school All-America, Butch Lee chose Marquette over more than 200 other colleges across the country, many of whom promised him instant stardom and four years of gold-plated bliss. After a brilliant career with the Warriors, and the certainty of a professional basketball career ahead, it seems that Lee made the right choice. But what prompted him to select the austerity of Marquette and the intransigence of Al McGuire, who made no bones about his system that favored a senior star, patterned ball-control offense and hard-ass coaching techniques?

"Lots of people I knew told me not to come here," Lee said over a plate full of soggy fried chicken. "They said McGuire'd make me give up the ball too

often to become a national scoring champion, that he never let anyone get over 14 points in a game and that I'd have to stand in line behind the guys that were already here. Shit, the same thing happened to me in high school. All my friends said, 'Don't go to Clinton, you'll never start. They got too many good players there.' Well, I figured I'd work real hard and become one of those good players too.

"The best players aren't necessarily the ones who score the most, and if I know that, then for sure the coaches and general managers in the NBA know it," Butch said, between sips of his Coke. "You had to wait your turn at Clinton and it was the same at Marquette. But I knew it'd be worth it. I looked at guys like Bill Walton and David Thompson

and their teams won national championships. That was what I wanted more than a scoring title.

"I knew Al was a good coach, and Marquette was a good school academically," said Butch, whose major is marketing. "After college the security of a free ride will be over. I can't play basketball forever."

As I signaled the waitress for the check, Lee told me of a final reason for picking Marquette—an emotional reason that perhaps outweighed the rest. After leading Clinton to a city championship in his junior year, Butch attended the Five-Star Basketball Camp in Pennsylvania, a premier showcase for high school talent. One of the men who spoke with him there was Hubie Brown, now coach of the Atlanta Hawks. "You're going to be spending four years of your life in college," Brown told Butch. "Go somewhere that you feel comfortable. Somewhere that feels like home."

"When I came out here," Butch told me, "I really liked the guys on the team. It was like a big family. McGuire yelled at me a lot. I didn't dig that too much, but other guys had made it through so I knew I would too. The main thing was we were treated like human beings, not pieces of meat. It wasn't Disneyland, but nobody ever bullshitted us that it would be any way but like it was."

As Butch shrugged into his long sheepskin coat, I couldn't help but think that where he grew up only those who could distinguish between sincerity and jive could survive. When Butch was born his parents were living in St. Thomas, Virgin Islands. As she did with Butch's older brother, now 24, and his younger sister, 19, Mrs. Lee traveled to San Juan, Puerto Rico, for medical reasons, to give birth to Butch. (A younger brother, now ten, was born in the United States.) When Butch was six, the family moved to New York and settled in Harlem, on 153rd Street and Eighth Avenue. As soon as he made friends, Butch began playing basketball two blocks away on 155th Street at Rucker Park, the most famous of New York's playground courts.

"I read one time that there were more unsolved homicides on my block than on any other block in New York," Butch told me. "All the dudes selling drugs had the money and the fine cars, and unless you were going to school, that's all you were aware of in those surroundings. It was a rough neighborhood but when you're young you don't see how bad it really is because it's all you

In last year's NCAA finals, Butch Lee led Marquette to a 67-59 victory over North Carolina and was named the MVP.





know. I was lucky. I never got into any real trouble. All I ever did was go to school and play basketball."

"I used to worry about my kids a lot," Butch's mother remembered when I spoke to her some time later on the phone. "Coming as we did from St. Thomas it was quite a change living in New York. Both my husband and I were working and the children were home alone a great deal but they turned out fine."

"Butch was always a very determined boy," Mrs. Lee continued in a lilting West Indian voice. "If he wanted something—a shirt, for example—he would never settle for anything less than exactly the one he wanted. He would wait and save his money until he could get that particular thing he'd set his mind on."

By the time Butch and I arrived at his studio apartment on the 13th floor of a rundown building about three blocks from the gym, it was dark and the wind had picked up to a howling gale. Lee went over to his stereo that balanced on some orange plastic milk crates, turned on the FM to a soul station and flopped down on the bed. I sat on the floor and looked around. The room was neat and clean, and in addition to the bed con-

tained a chest-high bookcase filled with books and magazines, a small TV and a minimum of furniture. Among the photos and clippings of basketball players covering the walls was a large picture of Earl Monroe taken from the Sunday New York Times. "Earl Monroe is my favorite ballplayer," Butch said. "All my life I wanted to become the best basketball player I possibly could, to be a success like Earl Monroe. When I was a kid I used to hear people say, 'So-and-so, he's a great player,' and I'd say to myself, 'I want to be that so-and-so people are talking about,' so I'd go to the schoolyard and practice all the time, and tell myself I could do it."

In the eighth grade Butch Lee's basketball coach told him he'd peaked and would never get any better. "He said," Lee recalled, "that this other kid would be a better backcourt man than me. I don't remember the other kid's name." Last year, after Marquette's NCAA victory, Lee visited Joe Wyles, the man who had been his coach at Clinton. "My high school coach told me he never thought I'd get to be as good a ballplayer as I did," Lee said. "But I knew I was a good player and I just kept working and working to get better."

"If a man don't believe he can be-

come a success then he never will, don't you think?" Butch said. "I mean [philosopher] William James said, 'Faith in a fact helped create that fact.' That don't mean that if I drill for oil under this bed I'm gonna strike oil. But you know if a person don't believe the oil's there, he ain't gonna drill at all. And he can't be listening for someone else to tell him what he can do, he has to know it in his heart."

Butch and I were just getting into a heated discussion about where you could metaphorically drill for oil and where you couldn't when Ulice Payne knocked on the door. "U.P., my man," Butch said. "You're just in time for a philosophical debate."

"Never you mind philosophy, Lee. Grab your man here and come on down to the crib and have a drink with the folks. B.T.'s there with his mother and aunt."

So we dropped down two floors, to U.P.'s place which was identical in size to Lee's but contained some 15 people: There was Bernard Toone's family—mother, aunt, sister and cousin—who had all flown in from New York; and U.P.'s folks from Pittsburgh. Everyone was talking at once and whooping it up. Mrs. Payne, who had already roasted a

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# Butch Lee

Christmas turkey with all the fixings, was mixing up some biscuits and insisted we all stick around. A few hours later, as I made my way back to my hotel, I thought of what Butch had told me about Hubie Brown's advice and how comfortable it felt to be at U.P.'s.

Christmas day was even colder than the day before and by evening the radio was reporting wind-chill factors that would freeze a hound dog to a fire hydrant. Butch and I were sitting around his apartment digesting the enormous dinner we'd just eaten at a banquet given for the four teams in the Classic (Texas, Army and Eastern Kentucky were this year's visitors.) All the players had been given compact flash cameras as presents and Butch was reading the instructions to his when the door opened and in bounded Toone followed by his cousin from New York, a young woman named Robin. Instantly, Toone set up Butch's backgammon set and put a record on the stereo.

"We got time for a game or two here, my brother, before we head down and catch the eleven o'clock show of that Richard Pryor movie," Toone said. He and Butch had a long-standing backgammon rivalry which Lee led, 30 games to 22.

"You people play," said Lee. "I'm going to take some pictures of y'all with my new camera here."

"See," said Toone, "see how that dude's afraid to do battle?"

"Check out that scoreboard hanging over there on my lamp, B.T.," said Butch. "Maybe I should forfeit a game or two to you so things'd be more even." Laughing, Lee positioned the three of us for a picture.

"You know," Butch said just before we left for the movies, "I feel real good about this camera. Yes sir, I feel *real* good about it."

"Why's that, Lee?" asked B.T.

"Because it's my new camera, man," said Butch, his eyes glowing. "I ain't never had a camera before. I feel so good about this camera I might not miss any jumpers tomorrow night."

In the first game of the tournament's opening night, Texas edged Army by a point in a contest that had all the finesse of a cattle drive. Then Marquette took the floor against Eastern Kentucky and promptly tore them to shreds. For the first five minutes Butch Lee measured his man, then went into action the way he had two days before in practice. Lee wound up with 25 points as Marquette won 90-73. After the game, the Marquette team was bussed to a motel out of town to get a night's sleep. In the morning I would see Butch's coach,

Hank Raymonds.

Folks in Milwaukee love their basketball, and for 13 years packed the Milwaukee Arena to watch Marquette play and Al McGuire put on a personal three-ring-circus-barroom brawl in front of the bench, in the stands and out on the floor. "We're in the entertainment business," McGuire once said. "A coach should get a percentage of the gate." He also won a lot of games—11 seasons in a row with 20 or more victories—and was considered one of the best court-side coaches in the country.

When Hank Raymonds was named head coach at Marquette it seemed as though Emiliano Zapata had been replaced by Clark Kent, but Raymonds—whom the players wanted as their new coach—quickly introduced his own style of play by running more and substituting more freely than McGuire ever had.

"Al was a brilliant game coach," says Rick Majerus, an assistant to McGuire and now Raymonds. "He could make an adjustment in a tight situation that

## Raymonds: "Butch is not a rah-rah leader; he leads by example"

would win a ballgame. Hank is a teacher, a practice coach who is great analytically. He believes you win games between three and five p.m. Al hated practice."

Butch Lee expressed another difference between the two men. "Al would really get on your case," he told me. "You'd get so mad you'd try to prove you could play. Hank says he knows you can play and gets it out by you realizing it yourself."

"Al and I are very different personalities," Hank Raymonds replied when I told him what Butch had said. "But our basketball philosophy was about the same; otherwise I never could have stayed with him so long. Basically, we're both defense-minded coaches. It's true I'm running more, but then I've got the players to run with."

We were sitting in his office, a cozy room filled with equipment and piles of mimeographed material. Raymonds, at 52, is a tall, healthy-looking man with a kind, paternal demeanor. "As far as Butch Lee is concerned," Raymonds went on, "I don't bother Butch. He knows what he has to do to play pro ball; I'm not going to show Butch up and as a result I don't want him to show me up. In other words, Butch Lee is

the star and he's a very unusual one, so I allow him to do things I wouldn't allow the other players because he can do it.

"He's not a rah-rah leader; he leads by example and he's an unselfish player. He's the best backcourt man we've ever had, better than Dean Meminger. When Butch came to Marquette we knew how good a player he was but we didn't know what a good person he was."

Later that day, I drove with Rick Majerus to pick up a prospective ballplayer at O'Hare Field in Chicago. "There wasn't much recruiting really with Butch," he told me. "Butch knew what he wanted, even at 17, and I think he was leaning toward Marquette already, but when Jack Burke, our captain in 1970, told him how straight we were with our players, it sure didn't hurt."

"Some people think that Butch suffered from Al's leaving this year," Majerus said, "but just the opposite is true. Under Al's system a player only shot within the structure of a prescribed offense. This year we're letting Butch create his own situations, so actually he has more leeway. It's true Butch is passing off more, but that's his idea. He's getting ready for the pros and he knows he needs to perfect every aspect of the game. Don't worry—if we need the points, Butch'll get 'em."

Then the conversation returned to recruiting. "Obviously we can't lure 'em with rolling hills and broads in bikinis," Majerus said, "and as a result we don't even go after blue-chip white kids. Our program has to sell itself."

Marquette beat Texas in the tournament final 65 to 56, but Butch Lee's game turned cold and he only scored four points. For the next several games after that he didn't do much better, but the team was winning and ran its record up to 11 and one. I talked on the phone with Al McGuire and asked him what he thought was wrong with Butch.

"He's basketball logged," McGuire said. "He's been on top of the cake too long. It's time for Butch to move on to pro ball. Not that he won't snap out of the slump; but the same thing happened to all our All-Americans: Earl Tatum, Bo Ellis, Lloyd Walton . . . all of them. Butch'll be all right. In the crucial game, when it's show time, he'll put the ball in the basket."

McGuire was right. Shortly after our conversation, against DePaul, with ten pro scouts in the stands, Lee scored 31 points. McGuire also predicted that Lee would be drafted by the first NBA team that needed a guard. Butch told me that he hopes that team is the Knicks because "I'd like to go home and play in New York."





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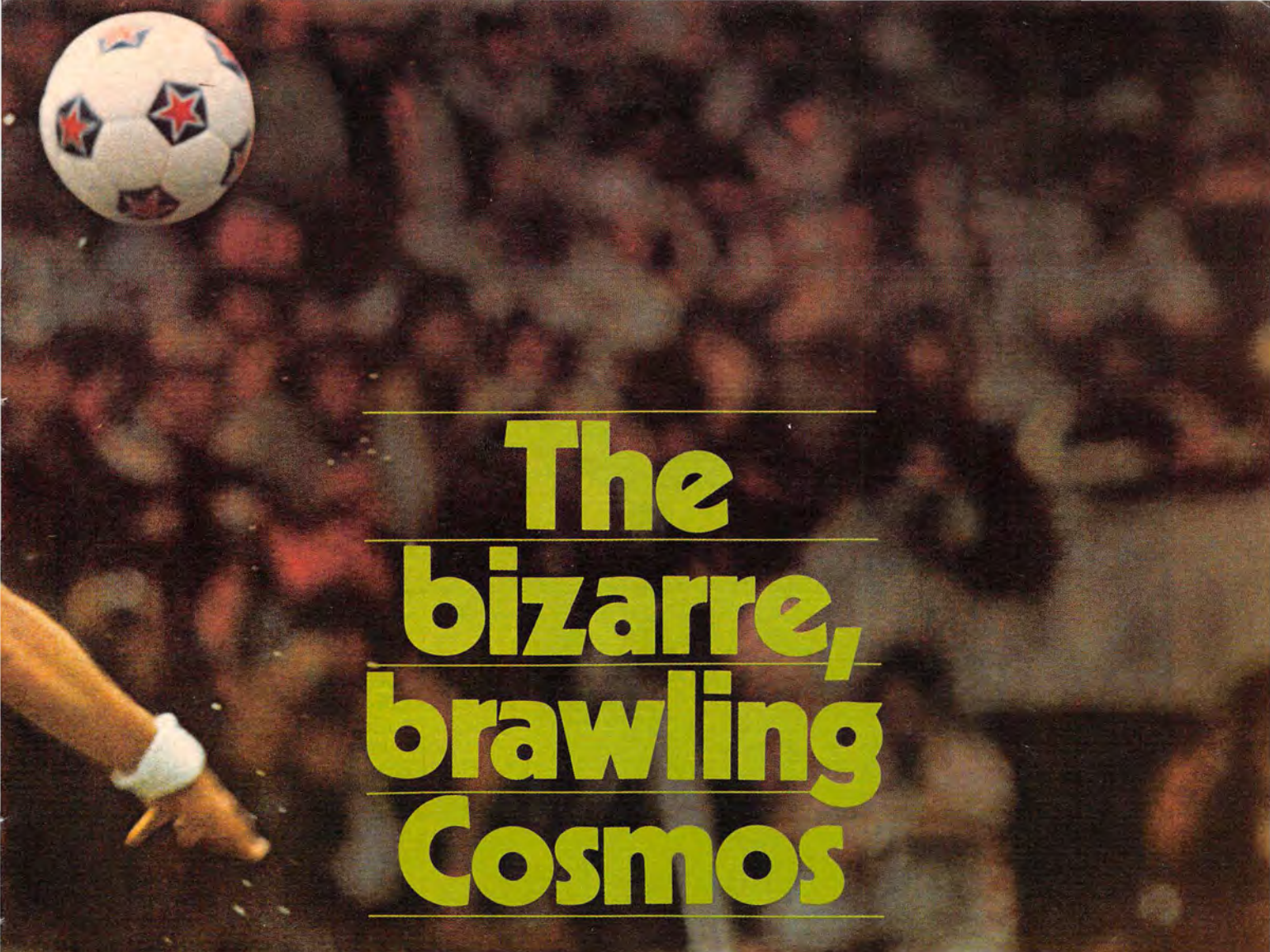






Giorgio Chinaglia (right), a leading figure in the season-long turmoil, scored the Cosmos' championship-winning goal.





# The bizarre, brawling Cosmos

by STEPHEN SINGER and DAVID HIRSHEY

**I**n the north end of New York's Rockefeller Center, across the street from the elegant 21 Club, sits the Warner Communications Building. Warner Communications is a multinational corporate behemoth which does more than \$800 million worth of annual business helping us subvert reality. Warner Communications has brought you Clint Eastwood as Dirty Harry, Max Von Sydow as The Exorcist, Robert Redford as a newspaperman and George Burns as God. Warner Communications brings you the voices of Linda Ronstadt, Fleetwood Mac, Frank Sinatra and Alice Cooper. One of its record labels is called *Asylum*. One of its magazines is called *MAD*. Its soccer team is called the Cosmos.

Warner entertainment executives seized on the growth possibilities of America's fledgling

The soccer champions "made the Yankees look like the Mormon Tabernacle Choir," said their goalie. The Cosmos' ego clashes and power struggles stretched from the field and lockerroom into the executive suite

North American Soccer League eight years ago, and after buying in followed a tried-and-true formula—the same one they'd used with records, movies and paperback books—to make money on the investment. Warner bought big names for big bucks and promoted the hell out of them. Last year the Cosmos' high-priced soccer talent won the NASL championship, but

the Cosmos suffered the same problems as a film studio with a stable of shouting and pouting egos. With the wealthiest and most talented franchise in the league, the Cosmos are favorites to repeat as champions this year—if they don't kill each other first.

"I have 50,000 people who can take care of the music business for me," says Ahmet Ertegun, Cosmos president and board chairman of Atlantic Records, a vital Warner company. "But the soccer is driving me crazy. I know what I could do, but there are circumstances. I have a coach who wants a certain type of player. I have a general manager who wants glamour. I have the provincial stuff. You know, everyone's friends and if you get rid of one, they all get angry. We could spend \$8 million and buy a team that would annihilate everyone. But that would only



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## Cosmos

kill the league. I want a team that will beat everyone, but I don't want to destroy what we've built so far—American soccer."

Warner has done more than win a title. It has taken the Cosmos from the seedy isolation of New York's Randall's Island to the suburban Astroturf luxury of Giants Stadium in the Hackensack, N.J., Meadowlands. It has taken a sport always regarded in this country as a diversion for unassimilated ethnics and made it major league. Warner spent \$4.5 million to sign Pelé, the patron saint of soccer and the most significant single factor in the game's growth here; \$2.5 million to sign Franz Beckenbauer, twice European Player of the Year, captain of the 1974 World Cup champions from West Germany and the most highly regarded player in the world; \$500,000 for Carlos Alberto, the Latin American Beckenbauer and captain of the 1970 World Cup champions from Brazil; and \$800,000 for Giorgio Chinaglia, a goal-scoring legend from Lazio, Italy.

Last year, Warner paid the Cosmos' rank-and-file players annual salaries in the neighborhood of \$20,000—more than twice the league average. Only a few years ago, the same players were making \$1,800 a season and talking about food stamps. This year, those players who return will probably average more than \$30,000. Raises are expected when you're a box-office hit.

Last year at Giants Stadium, the Cosmos averaged more than 34,000 paid customers per game. They drew regular-season crowds in excess of 60,000 when they played the top contenders, and for their last three home games—two playoff contests and Pelé's Farewell—the Cosmos averaged more than 75,000. The Cosmos outdrew the baseball Mets and Yankees on days when their schedules competed.

Because Warner Communications brokers in stars, the Cosmos fairly reeked with glamour. Jersey City families stood in the parking lots before games and stared at helicopters touching down, disgorging Warner chairman Steve Ross and other luminaries. "I dragged Kissinger out twice and Mick Jagger four times," says Ertegun.

Everyone covered the Cosmos, from Howard Cosell to representatives from Swedish TV, *Staats Zeitung*, *Carta de España*, the London *Daily Express*, *Aufbau*, *Agence France Presse*, *The Village Voice* and the *Deaf American*. The Cosmos' pressbox, also graced by friends of Warner executives, led the NASL in jumpsuits, fashion jeans, medallions and programs stolen from working reporters. The Cosmos' postgame lockerroom resembled New York



City's glittery Studio 54 disco with all the celebrities.

Warner Communications made the Cosmos the world's best-known sports franchise—and the most hysterical. "There were times last year I thought I'd need a straightjacket," says captain and center-fullback Werner Roth.

"I thought I was back in school," says midfielder Terry Garbett. "Rumors were going about, new players were coming in, management changes. People were paranoid."

The Cosmos were often compared to the Yankees. But goalie Shep Messing says, "The Cosmos made the Yankees look like the Mormon Tabernacle Choir."

The on-field drama became heightened, confused and distorted by absurd and ugly ego clashes and power struggles in the lockerroom and the executive suite.

The 1977 season began with the following in starring roles:

**CLIVE TOYE:** Cosmos president. A former soccer writer in England, Toye became the most successful soccer promoter in the U.S. He spent four years traveling around the world in pursuit of Pelé, then finally signed him after a brilliant, clinching appeal that Pelé should come to the one country in the world which did not love soccer and teach its children the beauty of the game. Toye then spent a year and a half in European airports and hotel lobbies, with his collar up and his hat brim down, before signing Beckenbauer—avoiding premature publicity on a continent which viewed the Cosmos as parasites.

**GORDON BRADLEY:** Cosmos coach. A thoroughly decent, honest, dignified man, Bradley had to make a team out of Toye's high-priced individuals. They came from England and the European continent, Africa and South America. Each country produced a unique style of play and players with singular temperaments. Coaching them demanded more than decency, honesty and dignity. It required organizational ability, iron will and an element of ruthlessness.

**STEVEN ROSS:** President of Warner Communications, Inc. Ross began his business career selling children's clothes. He married into a mortuary business and came up with the idea of leasing its funeral limousines when they were idle. One acquisition followed another and Ross rose from stiff to superstars. He says his primary relationship to the Cosmos is that of a fan, and he is a rabid one. He wears a seat belt in the stands so he won't fall out of his upper-

deck seat. Ross saw his first soccer game in 1971 when his Cosmos played St. Louis before 3,000 fans. He was not despondent. "It was a wide-open market," Ross said. "The growth potential from ground zero was tremendous." *People Magazine* named him one of 1977's Most Intriguing People.

**GIORGIO CHINAGLIA:** Cosmos center forward and 1976 NASL scoring champion. Chinaglia is affable, charming and partial to Chivas Regal, which he orders by the case. He has furnished his \$300,000 home in suburban New Jersey with crystal chandeliers, brocades and a tennis court. Chinaglia is ambitious, both for himself and for Warner Communications. He reluctantly took a back seat, first to Pelé and then to Beckenbauer.

"You have to understand what I sacrificed," Chinaglia says. "In Italy, if I spit on the floor, my fans would say I did the right thing. Even today, if someone said something bad about me to my fans, he'd be assassinated."

While negotiating his first contract, Chinaglia became friends with Steve Ross. The Warner chairman says he liked him personally and admired his business intelligence. Chinaglia never became friends with Clive Toye and Gordon Bradley, who are not businessmen at heart.

**AHMET ERTEGUN:** Chairman of the board of directors of Atlantic and Cosmos vice-president. Ertegun, probably the most powerful and respected man in the record industry, has been a soccer fan all his life. The son of a Turkish diplomat, Ertegun haunted the Washington, D.C. jazz spots and by age 14 was befriended by Duke Ellington and Louis Armstrong. Under his leadership, the

record divisions produce 49 percent of Warner's profits. Ertegun and his brother Nesuhi, the chairman of the Cosmos' board, control almost as much Warner stock as Ross. This makes the Erteguns an extremely powerful force at Warner.

Given such a cast, several questions arose in Warner's soccerland last season. Would the English alliance of Toye and Bradley shepherd their six-year-old team to the title? Or might they be superseded by the powerful Turks? And what of Ross and Chinaglia? Would the good friends challenge the Erteguns for control?

The 1977 season did not begin well. The Cosmos' defense was porous and disorganized. Pelé's play was lackluster and Chinaglia could not score. His shots went high and wide. Savaged by the press and the *vox populi*, he became sullen and withdrawn. The Cosmos lost two straight games and Bradley lost a lot of sleep.

Then, suddenly, Toye signed Beckenbauer. It was an incredible coup. At 32, the Kaiser, as he was known in Europe, was at his peak. A graceful, elegant player, he was considered the best on earth. The Cosmos planned to use him as a sweeper back—the defensive stopper who prowls between the fullbacks and midfield. And his long runs and deep passes would confer deadly potency on the offense.

But even Beckenbauer didn't help in the next game, against Tampa Bay on May 29. The defense was still disorganized and sloppy. The offense had too many styles that did not mesh. The English players favored the long ball with a lot of running; the South Ameri-



Winning the NASL championship helped Pelé and the game's MVP, Steve Hunt (right), forget their early-season tiff.



cans preferred a slow buildup with less running and more emphasis on individual skills. The Europeans played a faster paced, short-passing game. The Cosmos could not find a tempo and stumbled through the game, losing 4-2. Beckenbauer seemed a bit bewildered.

Up in the forward line, frustration created an ugly scene. Steve Hunt, the talented 21-year-old English winger refused to give up the ball, taking long, distracted runs and wild shots. "Easy, Steve, easy," said Pelé, trying to calm him down. "Pass the ball." Hunt whirled around, plugging his ears.

A few days later, Ross took a helicopter out to Giants Stadium and addressed the players before practice. He said he did not intend to let them take advantage of him. As of that moment, no one's job was secure.

On June 14, Toye stepped down as Cosmos president. He cited "personal reasons" but there was a hard edge in his voice. Beside him at the press conference, coach Bradley was ashen, mute with shock. Later he called it "the sickest day in the history of American soccer." It was the beginning of a corporate housecleaning to make way for a new palace guard.

The Cosmos' new president was none other than Ahmet Ertegun, who explained: "No one denied the amount of work Toye put in, but doubts were cast on his administrative ability."

Translation: Toye could not or would not "administrate" the Erteguns' growing interest in the team. Toye was a hunter, not a honcho. He could woo a superstar but could he handle cost coefficients? Soccer is suddenly a hot property. Once you've got a hit on your hands, you bring in top management to see that it stays that way.

A week after Toye's departure, a circulated memo forbade all Cosmos employees to speak to him. Anyone caught doing so would be dismissed immediately.

It had been a bloodless coup, carried out antiseptically on the crisp white velum of Warner stationery. But the players seemed shaken. Pelé walked through practice like a zombie, head down and unsmiling. Others were skittish. If Toye's job was so insecure, where did they stand? Only Chinaglia was sanguine about Toye's departure. After all, Toye had refused him a raise and had forced him to get it from Ross. Still, Chinaglia was chafing; he was not scoring goals with his usual regularity. He was the first to admit he was playing poorly, but he intimated that much of the blame lay with Bradley's coaching.

Another Cosmos, Bobby Smith, an All-Star fullback in 1976 who spent most of 1977 on the bench, was more direct in

criticizing Bradley. In his forthcoming book, *The Education of An American Soccer Player*, goalie Shep Messing describes Smith's reaction this way: "The players are assembled for a team meeting before the day's game against L.A. Unable to find his name in the starting lineup, Smith is pacing at the front of the room as Bradley explains a play. Cursing, Smith spits at the blackboard. Then he kicks it.

"That's what I think of your f---ing coaching," he screams. "It's a f---ing joke!" He challenges Bradley to a fight. Tight-lipped, arms folded across his chest, Bradley stands his ground.

"Are you through?" he asks Smith quietly. Smith lunges forward and kicks the blackboard again. Blood spurts from a cut on his foot. He stomps off, cursing. Watching all this, the foreign players are stunned. Pelé's mouth drops open in astonishment; Beckenbauer is fighting to keep back a smile. The Englishmen are livid. "If this was England," says Terry Garbett, "Smith would never play soccer again."

## **"Your coaching is a ----- joke!" Smith screamed at coach Bradley**

Also left off the starting lineup is Giorgio Chinaglia. He has gone to sit in the stands, claiming a minor injury. "Giorgio is not a guy to be seen sitting on the bench," one player says. Chinaglia, though, insists he isn't worried. "It will never happen again," is all he will say.

The following day, Bradley announced that as long as he was coach, Smith would not appear in a Cosmos uniform.

Did that mean Bradley would resign if Smith were reinstated? Warner wanted to find out. When the Cosmos landed in Vancouver for a game against the Whitecaps, Bradley got a phone call from New York informing him that Smith had been fined \$1,000, been reinstated and would join the team there. Bradley asked Professor Julio Mazzei, Cosmos assistant coach and Pelé's closest adviser, to take over the team. Instead, Mazzei spoke with Pelé, and both men said they would return to New York with Bradley. Warner was informed and Smith stayed home.

Two weeks later, on July 7, the Cosmos were assembled for another team meeting in the Giants Stadium locker-room. It was hot and humid but Pelé was trembling. Tears coursed down his

cheeks as he spoke: "I hope that from now on, things will be different. I hope players now go to the coach with problems. Not over his head. Not behind his back."

No one needed an interpreter. Gordon Bradley had just announced that he would become "director of player development," which meant he had been forced out as coach. To his left stood the Cosmos' new coach—Eddie Firmani, who had resigned as Tampa coach two weeks before Toye's ouster. Charges were leveled that Firmani had been offered the Cosmos' job months before by his old friend Chinaglia.

Many Cosmos players were so angry that they refused to speak to Chinaglia. One who did asked, "Who are you going to fire now, Giorgio?"

"I love Giorgio," said Ross when asked if Chinaglia had been behind Toye's and Bradley's ouster, "but no player, no matter who he is, can dictate who a coach is or who a president is. We listen to a lot of people and evaluate their opinions before we make those decisions."

Matters should have improved for Chinaglia. Ross and Firmani were his friends, and Toye and Bradley were gone. But a deep fissure remained in the Cosmos' organization. Power was split right down the middle.

One side was Ahmet Ertegun, who never wanted Firmani as coach. Ertegun wanted Dettmar Cramer, the man who coached Beckenbauer at Bayern Munich. On the other side, Chinaglia and Ross lined up for Firmani and won the battle. The Erteguns have not forgotten this, a former Cosmos official asserts, adding, "If they could get rid of Chinaglia tomorrow, they would."

"So much politics," Pelé said in early August. "I look forward to end of season. It has been a hard year for me. I think I accomplish my mission, making soccer very popular here. But I am sad, too. All the changes, they upset the team. There has been too much, too much—how you say?" He slashed the air with his right arm in a back-stabbing motion.

The tensions erupted on the practice field one day. Chinaglia messed up a pass from Steve Hunt, and Hunt called Chinaglia "stupid." When Chinaglia messed up another pass, Hunt hollered, "Idiot." He couldn't get another word in before Chinaglia floored him with a right cross.

Firmani tried to create some harmony on the field. He was a shrewd tactician interested in winning games, not personality contests.

Some of his moves were controversial. Firmani gave the sweeper





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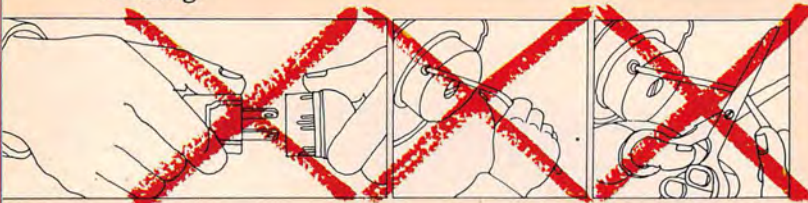
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# Cosmos

position to newly signed Carlos Alberto and put Beckenbauer in midfield to take advantage of his offensive ability. Would you move Jascha Heifetz back to second violin? Beckenbauer accepted the news gracefully, but was clearly uncomfortable.

To shore up the shaky defense, Firmani started volatile Bobby Smith. The newspapers criticized that move, especially the *New York Post*. At a morning practice, Smith saw *Post* reporter Phil Mushnick and kicked a ball that slammed within centimeters of Mushnick's head. The ball smashed off a wall and bounced back to Smith. Mushnick laughed uncomfortably. Smith drilled the ball off the wall again and said, "Come on, you f-k, I'm taking potshots at you just like you do at me."

Firmani also moved Hunt farther upfield and out on the wing to keep the middle open, and moved Pelé back to keep the goal area clear. These shifts gave Chinaglia more room to take passes on the run and then shoot. On July 27 he scored three goals in an 8-2 rout of Washington and looked like a new man.

"The pressure to win is incredible

now," said Bobby Smith. It was the day before the last game of the regular season, and Smith was sitting outside a closed lockerroom door, cutting tape off his feet. "It's not the guys' fault that there is so much bullshit going on. They're playing for their jobs. A lot of contracts are up this season. If we don't win, we're gone."

He was angry and hurt. "Why can't you just be left alone?" he asked. "Why can't you just play the game? I bust my ass for 15 years to improve my game and I have to put up with bullshit. I used to be an idealist about this game, but now I have three priorities: My game, my team—to some extent—and my friends." He pointed to the lockerroom door. "Money means too much in there. This is not a tight team. If we play a team in the playoffs where the guys care about each other and fight for each other, we're gonna get beat."

As the playoffs began, only Firmani and Chinaglia—who had the most to lose—predicted the Cosmos could go all the way. They won the opener against Tampa Bay 3-0 on a goal by Chinaglia and two by a rejuvenated Pelé. In the next home game, before a record crowd of 77,691, Chinaglia scored three goals

in an 8-3 rout of Ft. Lauderdale.

For the third playoff game, a large contingent from Warner Communications jetted down to Ft. Lauderdale. They saw Chinaglia's goal tie the game at 2-2 with six minutes to go. The Cosmos then won 3-2 in a shootout (each goalie faced five direct shots on goal), aided by Messing's brilliant goalkeeping. The Cosmos followed by defeating Rochester twice, 2-1 and 4-1. Chinaglia scored three more goals but the fans still booed him.

Only one game remained: The Soccer Bowl in Portland against the Seattle Sounders for the NASL championship. The Cosmos dedicated the game to Pelé, and for a brief moment the bickering stopped. Alberto was brilliant at sweeper. Smith was the consummate professional at right fullback. Hunt was the game's most valuable player with a goal and an assist. And Chinaglia, booed at the start of the game, scored the winning goal in the 2-1 victory.

In the lockerroom bedlam that followed, Pelé was the center of attention. TV cameras followed him into the shower. Cosmos players chanted his name over and over. Yet Pelé would not have had that moment without Chi-

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naglia's sensational finish, a record-setting nine goals in six playoff games. And Chinaglia might not have had his championship-winning goal without the assist from the teammate he punched out in practice, Steve Hunt.

Warner executives celebrated the triumph in their own fashion. Steve Ross changed from his champagne-soaked trousers into an extra pair of Chinaglia's sweat pants. And later, back at the hotel, Nesuhi Ertegun took a turn marching around the lobby with the championship trophy held high over his head.

Unlike baseball's Yankees, the Cosmos didn't end their internal strife when league play ended. In mid-October, Beckenbauer, all season long a model of modesty, professionalism and good will, blew up at coach Firmani in Brazil, near the end of the team's postseason tour. Firmani wanted all his players to assemble at a restaurant to watch a TV match that featured their next day's opponent. Beckenbauer, who had played 140 games without a rest in 1977, had arranged to join Carlos Alberto at his home for dinner. Both did not go to the restaurant. A Cosmos player later said, "Firmani waited up for Franz, and they

had a pretty heated argument. After it was over Franz said, 'I cannot play for a coach like this.'"

The Cosmos faced other problems as they awaited the 1978 season opener. "We don't know who is going to be on the team," one player said. "I think that after you win a championship, you should concentrate on keeping the nucleus of that team happy and together."

Championship starters rumored to have uncertain futures with the Cosmos included Hunt, Messing, Garbett, full-back Nelsi Morais, midfielder Vito Dimitrijevic and winger Tony Field.

"Do you think the Cosmos could win the championship this year with the same 11?" Eddie Firmani asked at lunch in the Warner executive dining room last winter.

His lunch partner, Giorgio Chinaglia, the only player with an office in the Warner Building, replied: "On a successful team you never keep the same 11. You have to get at least one new player a year. One thing I cannot stand is for people to come in here and think they can take Warner for a ride." He was referring to players like Hunt and Messing who were asking for what he

felt were excessive raises, and to executives such as Toye and Bradley. "What did I think about what happened last season? I didn't think. I knew. When those guys were here, what had we won? Nothing. One man came. Just one man. Firmani."

Many would disagree. "With the talent we had," said a Cosmos player, "we could have won with Little Orphan Annie coaching us. We got it together because we wanted to win it for Pelé."

Now that Pelé is gone, will the Cosmos hold together without his unifying presence? Will Ertegun make us forget Toye, who is now president of the Chicago Sting? Will Firmani again gear his offense to his friend Chinaglia? And will Firmani continue to play him if Chinaglia gets off to a bad start again? And if benched, will Chinaglia go over Firmani's head to Steve Ross? Will more heads roll?

"I've stuck my neck out for two seasons," Chinaglia said. "I took a lot of shit even until the championship game. If the Cosmos don't win this year, I'm prepared for that. It's like going into a dark alley. There are always five or six hidden corners, and this year I'll know where they are."

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A man with a mustache, wearing a light blue cowboy hat and a light blue button-down shirt, is shown from the chest up. He is holding a cigarette in his right hand, bringing it to his lips. His left hand is holding a dark rope. The background is a blurred outdoor setting with green foliage.

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# Soccer and the ghost of Christmas Yet to Come

The North American Soccer League struggled nine years to make a breakthrough in New York, but it has expanded before the hearts, minds and dollars of other "must" cities have been won

by JERRY IZENBERG

**C**onsider the Cosmos, filling the most modern stadium in the North American Soccer League with 77,000 paying customers. See the supercalafragilistic electronic scoreboard with wiring so sophisticated that we can only hope it will never choose to cast its lot on the side of evil. Study the Prussian excellence of Franz Beckenbauer and the Fellini-like emotional fire of Giorgio Chinaglia. Listen to the hot, happy palms of the boys in the boardroom up at Warner Communications as they rub together in a capella joy over the team they have turned from a tax deduction into an instant money machine.

But don't get carried away.

You are not really looking at the North American Soccer League.

You may be seeing the ghost of Christmas Yet to Come or you may only be seeing the Hope diamond in search of a setting.

The battle for the hearts, minds and dollars (not necessarily in that order) of the American sports customer has not and will not be won on the playing fields of Giants Stadium, home of the Cosmos. In truth it will still be fought on a lumpy high-school turf in Rochester, N.Y., in a spectacularly empty stadium in Toronto and on a back-lot ballpark in Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.

It will be waged in two of America's prime commercial markets, Los Angeles and Chicago, which thus far have threatened to yawn the sport to death, and within an expanded league now swollen to a bloated 24 teams, four of which have previously failed in other cities.

New ownership in a number of franchises emerges as a major plus—especially when you consider some of the old ones. Consider, for example, the Los Angeles Aztecs. You might as well because Los Angeles did not. Management invested in one player—George Best, the flamboyant bad boy of English

soccer. Then it opened the doors to the L.A. Coliseum. Nobody was killed in the rush.

So here come the Aztecs, roaring East on a two-stop road trip. They are undercapitalized, undermanned and under a sea of red ink. They play the Cosmos and then are undetected by human eye. The Aztecs were supposed to go up to New Haven to play an equally anonymous collection called the Connecticut Bicentennials. Eventually, they did—one by one. For two days the squad took off for R & R. Nobody, including their coach, could find them.

Now comes an attorney named Al Rothenberg, who is prepared to spend some money. He is aware that he must compete with minor box-office attractions like the Los Angeles Dodgers, the Rams, USC and UCLA. He is also battling to succeed in one of the "must" cities in which the league has thus far failed.

Four pinpoints remain constant on the NASL war map as "must" cities: New York, now a mind-boggling success with a sport that New Yorkers a few years ago considered about as American as mom's Wiener schnitzel; Los Angeles, thus far a lead blintz at the cash register; Chicago and Toronto. All four cities have dynamic financial and population demographics. And all four cities have something else in common. In the words of Clive Toye, who built the Cosmos and is now trying to do the same for the Chicago Sting: "These are four cities whose names smack of international grammar. When the NFL season ends, the football season is over. After you play the World Series, the baseball people go home. But the magic international reputations of these cities transcend borders and leagues. They can spread the gospel of NASL soccer overseas and make a hell of a buck doing it."

Toye believes he can take care of one of those "must" cities in his new job as

president of the Chicago Sting, a homeless waif which never had a chance and is still locked into dual homesites (seven games at Soldier Field and eight at Wrigley Field). Don't sell his chances short.

There was a time when Toye was the most influential soccer writer in all of England. He chucked that to chase the dream of establishing America as a soccer power. When his English colleagues gave him a set of matched luggage at the farewell party, they did not print the name "Crazy Clive" on the baggage tags—but they thought about it.

Toye is one of the league's premier assets, a workaholic who shaped the Cosmos by chasing Pelé around the world and convincing him that the barbarians in the former British colonies were ready to become useful soccer consumers.

Toye's plans for the Chicago Sting are simple: "By 1981 we are going to sell 60,000 season tickets. We are going to sell the ethnics in the city and the kids in the suburbs. We are going to have full-time players who will be visible 12 months a year. I don't care if the bloody goalie was born in Tibet. If we keep him here, teach him the language, win a lot of games and put him to work in the off-season, nobody is going to ask to see his birth certificate before they buy a ticket."

Since Toye used the same methodology with the Cosmos before the higher corporate brass at Warner Communications forced him out, Chicago will be worth watching.

The fourth "must" city for the NASL is Toronto. At the moment, Toronto may or may not have an NASL franchise, depending on whether or not you consider customers a prerequisite. If the Cosmos are the wave of the NASL's future, then somebody better get the Toronto franchise a rowboat.

It is being run like a World War II government in exile. If truth be told—



# Soccer

and the NASL brass shudders each time it is—the full name of this team is Toronto Metro Croatia. Nowhere in the league's propaganda output can you find the third slice of the name. It represents exactly what soccer in North America has been running from.

For decades, North American soccer belonged to that group euphemistically known as the ethnics. On a Sunday morning, a guy could pull out his copy of *Staats Zeitung* or any of a dozen foreign-language papers and forget where he was and what was wrong with the deal his particular ethnic group was getting. Then, after the big Sunday dinner, he could go out to the park with the wooden bleachers and watch kids with the right first names kick the soccer ball around. Finally, at his ethnic social club—whether the motto was written in Italian, Hungarian or Greek—he could warm his psyche with a drink poured from a bottle with the same label he had known “back home.” Once a week, therefore, he could journey back to his roots easier than you could say “Alex Haley.”

If the ethnics kept the sport alive on alien American shores—and, indeed, they did—they also made damned sure that nobody else got a piece of the action. Werner Roth, the erudite captain of the Cosmos, was weaned in the New York German-American League. “What kept soccer alive through leagues like that,” he will tell you, “is what holds it back in Toronto today—no money, part-time players [in Toronto's case, imports who all arrive too late and leave too quickly after the season] and a team geared to the ethnic group and not the town. The kind of soccer where there is more action in the stands than on the field.”

“You want me to sum up the Toronto

franchise?” asks Shep Messing, the best American goalie in the game. “It's easy. The Croats and the Yugoslavs don't get along back in Europe. When we played in Toronto, our Yugoslavian players got a standing boo.”

This kind of nationalistic feuding might sell out the stands in Croatia, but unfortunately the team has to sell tickets in Toronto. The club's ownership has been swimming in red ink but manages to hang on. Other franchise owners will not say so publicly, but they yearn

## Rochester's stadium benches would give an Indian fakir third-degree bedsores

for somebody to buy out the current ownership. Some insist that it will—and must—happen within a year.

Ironically, success stories in Minnesota, Seattle and Tampa have their roots in the antithesis of what is happening in Toronto. None of them had a flaming soccer tradition. None of them had to deal with the ethnic label or the early NASL disasters when the league was formed back in 1968. Each, with good stadia, good teams and good management, began—in a sense—at the top. These are bellwether franchises which can and do draw the crowds of 35,000. They remain major assets.

The other clubs retained from last season shape up like this:

Washington—excellent management, good promotion, RFK Stadium.

Portland—good media coverage, good stadium capacity, benefits from

city chauvinism fostered by the NBA Trail Blazers.

San Jose—sells out but has only 18,000 seats, good fans, good management, desperately needs new park.

Dallas—hurt somewhat by the burden of being a pioneer before it was fashionable. Finally found a home at SMU Stadium but ultimately will need larger quarters. Great community relations. Owned by millionaire Lamar Hunt. (Assets not listed in order of importance.)

Fort Lauderdale—good management and sound ownership in Liz Robbie, wife of Miami Dolphins owner. Horrendous park. Could return to Miami (where it once failed dismally) if Robbie or someone does not build combination stadium in Fort Lauderdale for the Dolphins (who would leave Orange Bowl) and Strikers. But if this team is Miami-bound, it will return in triumph.

Vancouver—has a chance. Still a mystery franchise. Attendance improving but the league cannot determine how much the town really wants soccer.

Rochester rates a mention by itself. Its stadium is a single-deck, high-school field which can comfortably seat either 22,000 Americans or 44,000 pygmies, given that the stadium features long wooden benches which would give an Indian fakir third-degree bedsores. The management has little money to spend but hustles magnificently. It insists that the team will not be moved to Buffalo—which is an indication that it probably will. “It reminds me of when we played at Randall's Island,” says the Cosmos' Werner Roth. “It has terrible dressing rooms and a bad playing surface.”

Having retained these 14 franchises, the NASL then did what we have come to expect from the men who run any professional sport in this country. They went for expansion. There is something magic about that word among sports lodge brothers, a kind of feeling that means you have arrived. Birds aren't birds without nests, sharks aren't sharks without jaws and leagues in America aren't leagues unless they attempt to absorb every city with a bus terminal.

For practical purposes, you could say NASL expansion is divided into two groups. If you understand that some of the surviving franchises were fighting for their lives, then consider the prospects of the four additional teams which died and have returned from the Great Soccer Field in the Sky to try again in new surroundings.

St. Louis failed and chose Anaheim

The Cosmos' huge crowds, such as these 75,646 at Pelé's farewell, may be the Hope diamond in search of a setting.





because of its good stadium, good youth program and, what the hell, you have to play somewhere if you want to stay in the game. The Connecticut Bicentennials have pitched their nets in Oakland, Hawaii, where soccer is a way of life for at least a dozen people, shipped its team to the nearby suburb of Tulsa, Okla. and the Las Vegas club has settled in San Diego. Most owners did not want San Diego but San Diego wanted them, and for the first time (which one supposes is a mark of maturity as sports go in America) the specter of antitrust action forced the NASL to agree to a new city.

Which brings us to the "expansion-expansion" teams. Denver was willing to face the threat of possible major-league baseball at the same time of year in the same stadium. Detroit had a great stadium, money and no way of judging its potential. Memphis was added for reasons known only to the people who wrote demographic studies proving the American Basketball Association could not fail there, and Houston got in thanks to the influence of Ben Woodson's grandson. "My grandson plays soccer," explains Woodson, part owner of the Houston team. "That's where I got all my inside information." Two months before the first scheduled game, Houston had no office space, phone listing, coach or players. It did, however, have excellent financing—which it will surely need.

And then the league decided to bring back two previously folded franchises in Philadelphia and Boston. This made some sense, primarily because it needs these cities and because there were extraordinary circumstances surrounding their past failure.

The Philadelphia Atoms were about as good as any of the old NASL teams at the box office. Then the club was sold to Mexican ownership, which employed mostly Mexican players. Philadelphia's Mexican population was ecstatic. Both of them bought tickets. Communication between management and press was nonexistent. Communication between fans and players was awful. Survival was impossible. The prognosis for the new team is good, since it will rely heavily on some people who were instrumental in the city's earlier success.

Boston should make it this time. Even if it doesn't, it deserves a shot off the colorful background of its previous attempt. Its defunct ownership (in no way connected with the new team) made Toronto Metro's organization look as slick as Santos of Brazil.

It played wherever it could get a field, which translates as BU Stadium, BC Stadium, Schaefer Stadium and Providence, R.I. Shep Messing was its

goalie—and its finest Boswell: "The guy who owned the team drove a Rolls-Royce and sold hot dogs at the park to pay whatever salary he came up with for us. We all bought hot dogs for our pre-game meal. We figured at least that way we knew we'd get paid something. We made it a point to come late to the games. Then we parked our cars behind the Rolls-Royce and hemmed it in. That way he wasn't going anywhere afterward until we had a chance to talk money.

"But the best was the way he financed his road trips. He always sold a player. How good the player was, depended on how far we had to go. If it was a long trip, he sold an expensive guy. He would line us up at the airport and say, 'Smith or Jones or whomever, you've been sold to New York. The rest of you guys, get on the plane.'"

This is hardly likely to happen again. A nice little corporation called the Lipton Tea Company has bought the new franchise. It will play in Schaefer Stadium.

So this is the lineup which seeks to prove to North America that this league has arrived. On the plus side there are the fighting words of Clive Toye, who should be listened to by the other brass on the matter of television: "What counts," he says, "is that we negotiate local television contracts. That's a selling tool as well as exposure. As for the networks, well, we've given our product away twice, got no money for it and wound up with one-sided contracts which gave away control of the product. Absolutely—and only—over my dead body will we ever again sign a network contract where we let them dictate everything. Last year they had us playing a championship game at 11 a.m. Now isn't that lovely? We need local TV and we need to wait until the time comes when we can hold our heads up and get a network contract that works to our advantage."

Again on the plus side, there are a significant number of stable franchises and the knowledge that you do not need ten teams with the massive drawing power of the Cosmos to make it.

And finally there is the youth soccer explosion and the sigh of relief from parents who do not think that football is the safest way to work off energy.

On the other side, there are simply too many questionable franchises at the moment. It would make more sense to win the battles of Chicago, Los Angeles and Toronto before taking on Memphis, Houston, San Diego *et al.* Bigger is not necessarily better.

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# Arkansas' Three Basketeers

"Hoooooooooooo! Pig Soooooooo-ie!"

Little Rock's Barton Coliseum echoes with stompin', hootin' and hollerin' as Marvin Delph, senior forward for the University of Arkansas' basketball Razorbacks, ambles along to midcourt to jump center against the 7-foot-4 giant of the touring Russian National team.

Delph lurches along like a big black waterbird, arms raised, wrists limp, his head bobbing forward with each stride. He's grinning real wide—as is the big Russian, who's a foot taller and who had already beaten Delph at the opening tip-off. Arkansas has a 6-11 post man, junior Steve Schall, but again it's Delph in the tip-off circle for the second half. Then Delph sets himself, the ref launches the ball and the Razorback gets a hand higher than the Russian. Virtually catching the ball at the top of its flight, Delph whips it to a teammate—and the "Three Basketeers"—a starring trio consisting of Delph, Sidney Moncrief and Ron Brewer—are off and running again. The fans go Hog wild.

When the University of Houston Cougars blow into town, the Hog standout is Moncrief—the 6-4 junior guard who led the nation in field-goal percentage his freshman year. The Cougars, National Invitational Tournament finalists a year ago, show up in Fayetteville averaging 100 points a game.

In the first half, Sidney is held to three

Led by Marvin Delph, Sidney Moncrief and Ron Brewer, the Razorbacks are building a basketball dynasty at a school that traditionally has gone Hog wild only over football

by WILLIAM HARRISON

points by Houston guard Cecile Rose. But in the second half, Moncrief's magic act begins. He starts going inside—ascending, twisting, leaning, breaking his leaps with vicious slam-dunks. His stuff shots are so baroque that Rose turns Moncrief over to the taller Cougar forwards, who probably think they have Sidney mismatched. But they don't. Houston collapses 84-65, and after the game Rose tells me what happened: "Something happened behind Sidney's eyes," Rose says. "I saw something in there—really!—and I knew I wouldn't stop him any more."

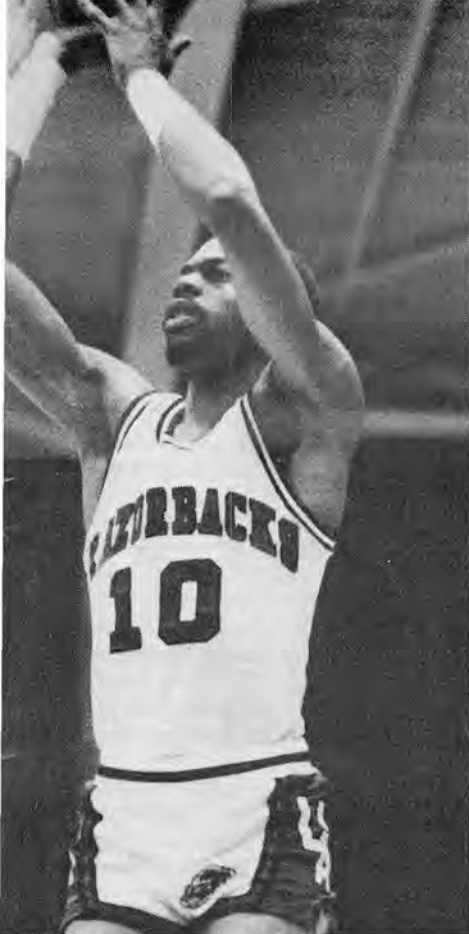
After an exhausting four-game string of games in the second week of January during which the previously unbeaten Hogs lost to Texas, the now 14-and-one

Basketeers return to Fayetteville to face the roughhouse Texas A&M Aggies. Dead-tired, nerves frayed, the Hogs start a bench-clearing brawl, and quickly Delph and Moncrief are in foul trouble.

But senior 6-4 guard Ron Brewer stays cool. When the Aggies try to take a jump shot, Ron goes sky-high, slaps it away, pounds downcourt, double-pumps in midair and slams the ball through the hoop. Slowly, the Aggies fold as Brewer puts on a slam dunk exhibition—roundhouse stuffs, backhanders, two-handed bullets. Brewer comes through with 29 points, and stays cool. "In the clutch I want the ball," he says matter-of-factly after the game. "I always know I can score."

At the moment, the Three Basketeers are building a new sports dynasty in the state, to go with the football Razorbacks. Each Basketeer has scored more than 1,000 points and their basketball team is higher in the polls than any squad in the school's history. Coach Eddie Sutton, named Coach of the Year by the Basketball Writers and NBC's *Grandstand* in 1977, has this homegrown trio giving lessons in court finesse. He keeps the offense flexible by having his team go with the hot hand—and on any given night either Delph or Moncrief or Brewer might be top scorer—all of them averaging close to





20 points a game.

Best of all, the stands are packed watching three local boys make good—and that has to please Sutton, who once pleaded for more “basketball spirit” around the state. He has a warm, down-home style that people in the Ozarks appreciate and banking on the Hogs’ success, Sutton was able to charm the state legislature into rebuilding old Barnhill Fieldhouse in Fayetteville. By next year the facility will increase its seating by 50 percent to 9,000. But the coach still isn’t satisfied that his team is fully appreciated.

“I don’t think the people always know what they’re looking at,” Sutton says. “They may never get three home-grown boys like this again.”

Ron Brewer grew up in the tough Elm Grove Housing Project of Fort Smith, Arkansas’ version of a densely-populated inner-city ghetto. His hands are trained for quickness because he learned to play the bad bounces on the packed-dirt courts around the project.

“As a kid I admired Almer Lee,” Brewer says. Lee was the first black basketball player at the university up the road in Fayetteville. “I knew he was up there poppin’ those long shots and drinkin’ beer at the bars,” he says, grinning. After spending a year at Westark Junior College in his hometown, Brewer became an easy recruit. Named to a couple of preseason All-America teams, Brewer is almost a certain first-round draft choice.

“And, sure, I want that pro contract,” he admits. “My folks are still livin’ in the project.”

Brewer may look like a boxer who’s had too many fights, but he’s sharp-witted and handles the publicity snowballing around the team by teasing reporters. Once, during a local television interview, he was asked why he played with his wrists taped. “Weak ankles,” he said quickly and earnestly. “I got these very weak ankles.” The interviewer, confused, stumbled on toward the next question.

The other senior of the trio—Marvin Delph—is a social welfare major who’s basically serious and religious. His family is conventional Southern Baptist and his father is a touring gospel singer at churches around the state. “He sings solo, duet, trio, quartet, ‘bout anything,” Marvin says proudly.

Sportswriters around the conference call Delph the pure shooter on the team, a player who won’t choke. When teams play a tight zone against Arkansas, Delph and Brewer bomb from the outside. Within 25 feet Delph is so accurate that the zones melt.

Delph weighed only 130 pounds when his high school coach at Conway, Ark., turned him into an outside shooter and the result was a state basketball championship for the team. Since his freshman year at the university, Delph has put on weight and added to his rebounding strength. But he is still the Basketeer most willing to rip the long shot.

On court, Delph’s gaze seems to wan-

**The Basketeers (from left), Moncrief, Brewer and Delph, have lifted the Hogs to their highest hoop rankings ever.**

der at times—becoming almost casual—and his defensive skills have seldom been praised. But he has an instinct for getting free for his shots. Brewer sees everything in all directions, Moncrief’s eyes burn with intensity.

Like Brewer, Moncrief lived in an impoverished Arkansas housing project. His divorced mother raised seven children, and Sidney recalls sleeping in a bed with two of his younger brothers in their East Little Rock apartment. Food was always scarce. Last summer when Sidney played in the World University Games—scoring 16 points in the championship game victory over the Soviet Union—what he seemed to remember most about the Eastern European tour was the poor food: It reminded him, he said, of the table fare at home in the old days.

“Keep things inside,” his mother told him. That was back in the project when they wanted to stay proud in spite of all their economic troubles. The advice probably accounts for his present style, too: A soft-spoken reticence off-court and a wild jumping-jack freedom in game situations where he lets himself go. Like Brewer, Sidney is very fast. When he breaks, he lopez in long strides and frequently leaves the floor at the foul line with a swooping, one-handed, overhead hook dunk which Dr. J couldn’t do better.



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## Arkansas

Down at Barnhill Fieldhouse before an afternoon practice, Sidney reads a newspaper and eats a lunch of nuts and dried fruit. Brewer sits beside him with a lunch of his own—a gigantic hamburger with all the works. "Your body talks to you about nutrition," Sidney says. "It tells you what to eat and what to leave alone." Brewer pays little attention, as if he has heard all this before.

Coach Sutton—who treats his players like they're his grown-up sons with minds of their own—once became concerned about Sidney's eccentric philosophy of nutrition.

"He doesn't eat pork anymore," Sutton confided to a faculty friend. "Maybe he's turning Muslim, I don't know. But I guess that's all right." Sidney just said he felt better off pork and fatty foods.

Sitting there at lunch with Brewer before practice, Sidney starts analyzing a Razorback weakness: The team's lack of bench strength. "We were tired out for Texas in Austin," he says. "And Kansas came close to beating us because they had so many good players that they could run us. But nobody else on our schedule has that. I don't think we'll get physically tired again until the NCAA playoffs."

If nothing else, the Basketeers glamorized Arkansas' basketball program so that the state's better high school players would be more willing to look no farther than their own backyard—and become Hogs.

When coach Sutton arrived in Fayetteville in March, 1974, he found recruiting Hogs a difficult task. "It got downright rude at times," he says. "But now things have changed a lot."

At practice Sutton is at ease, hands in his pockets, grinning, during a scrimmage. Freshman guards Michael Watley and Ulysses Reed are playing all-out and the coach is especially pleased. "See, the Basketeers are bringing some of the others along," he explains to a reporter. "We get our best stuff out here in scrimmages with each other."

At the far end of the court, Moncrief invents another of his body-control shots. This one has a double-pump fake and the ball seems to zip up out of nowhere and fall through.

"These are college players, not pros," Sutton says. "They're learning. Some of them are only 18 years old." The implications of what he says are clear: The team is a class and his prize pupils are instructors. In the Southwest Conference, there is a lot of teaching and learning going on. The crowds, the alumni, the reporters, the old football coaches, *everybody* gets a basketball lesson—courtesy of Arkansas' Three Basketeers.



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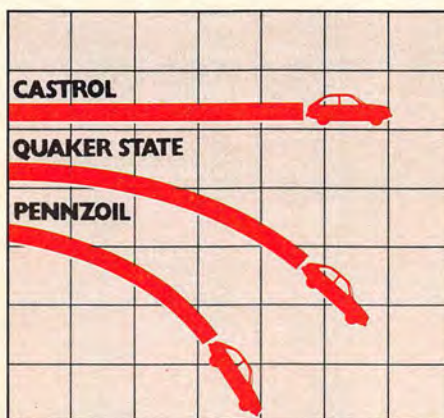
Smaller cars demand even more of a motor oil than big cars do. Their 4 and 6 cylinder engines run at considerably higher revs throughout their entire performance range. So there's more heat and friction in the engine.

All this can cause extra wear, tear, and 'shear' (thinning out of the oil)—what engineers refer to as "viscosity breakdown." As the viscosity of the oil breaks down it loses more and more of its ability to protect a smaller car's engine from its own self-destructive tendencies.

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To prove that Castrol is better suited for smaller, hotter, higher-revving engines we tested Castrol against Quaker State and Pennzoil. As the graph above plainly shows, only Castrol didn't break down.

Castrol the strength it needs to keep cleaning and lubricating the narrow passages in smaller engines. (And if Castrol can do all this for smaller engines, imagine what it can do for bigger, less demanding ones.)

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The test was conducted in a laboratory by an independent testing firm. Each one of the oils was an SAE-approved 10W-40. After the equivalent of roughly 2,000 miles they found that while Quaker State and Pennzoil had both shown significant breakdown, Castrol hadn't broken down at all.

So while there are lots of oils to choose from, only one should be standard equipment on smaller cars. Castrol—the oil that doesn't break down.

After all, if your motor oil breaks down, who knows what could break down next?



**Castrol**  
THE OIL ENGINEERED FOR  
SMALLER CARS.



# "The Beautiful Harvey Martin Show"

**I**t is a dour December afternoon in Dallas, three days after the Cowboys have skinned the Chicago Bears in the National Football League playoffs and three days before they will flay the Minnesota Vikings with the same precise savagery. Cowboy coach Tom Landry's players are dressing in their blue concrete field-house on Forest Road for their afternoon practice session. Suddenly Harvey Martin bursts into the lockerroom, arriving at least ten minutes later than his teammates. The beaming black giant—wearing glasses as thick as Corn-ingware and a tape recorder slung from a shoulder strap—shouts, "Hey, anybody else seen *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*? Strong! I mean, that movie is strong!"

He sits down in front of his locker and begins fiddling with the tape recorder. Then he shakes my hand and says, "Listen, I'll be with you in just a sec. Okay? Got to get my interview out of the way." He moves down a couple of stools next to fellow defensive lineman Bill Gregory. They huddle for a minute, then Martin flicks on his machine. "This is Harvey Martin for KRLD sports," he intones smoothly, "here with *The Beautiful Harvey Martin Show*. Well, the weather has turned bad in Dallas now, but we just want all you Cowboy fans out there to know that we're workin' out in it. But this is really Viking weather, you know, and I'm going to talk today to a player who played against the Vikings here four years ago. Oddly, the Vikings have never lost in Texas Stadium. So today I'm interviewing Bill Gregory . . ." Five minutes later he concludes with, "This is Harvey Martin. The *Beautiful* Harvey Martin, inviting you to tune in tomorrow for the next up-to-the-minute Cowboy report."

That is "The Beautiful" Harvey Martin—the nickname he decidedly prefers—but during Sunday's Viking game, he becomes "Too Mean" Martin—a nickname he did not choose and which he deems "degrading." On the Vikes' third play from scrimmage, running back Robert Miller is jarred loose from the ball, and Harvey—blowing in from the opposite side—dives on the fumble at the Viking 39. On the next play Roger Staubach pump fakes a screen to Drew Pearson, then fires a pass to Golden

The Dallas Cowboys' nonstop pass rusher is a sunny, bubbling fellow off the field. But in games, "the premier defensive end in the league" displays a disposition matching that of his pet killer fish

by MARK GOODMAN

Richards in the end zone. Minnesota, behind quarterback Bob Lee, who is subbing for the injured Fran Tarkenton, tries to scratch its way into the game. Late in the quarter the Vikings are driving into Cowboy territory, when Ed "Too Tall" Jones clouts running back Chuck Foreman on an off-tackle slant. The ball pops loose and—swoop—Harvey is on it faster than you can say "Martinized."

With Martin and Jones in flying pursuit, Lee spends the rest of the afternoon running for his natural life. The Vikes manage only 214 yards total offense and two field goals in the long, long afternoon. Final score: 23-6, and Dallas has won the right to face Denver in Super Bowl XII—and *The Beautiful* and *Too Mean* Harvey Martin certainly earned his trip to New Orleans.

Harvey Martin is an extraordinary, sunny, bubbling fellow who becomes a surly, brooding killer when he dons his blue-and-silver work clothes. Seated now by the lush indoor pool in his spanking-new bachelor's house in the outer reaches of North Dallas, Martin—all 6 feet 5, 252 pounds of him—looks like a bear sniffing for trout beside a pleasant brook. He leans back in a precarious deck chair, pops the tab on a beer and tries to explain himself.

"Sometimes when I'm out on that field, I get this funny feeling inside me. I think I even get more intense than the

rest of them—I just never want to let down out there." His speech is mellifluous though tinged with a faint lisp. "Jones and I and the others on the defensive line, we've brought back the excitement the fans want." He laughs. "See, fans like roughhouse football. I like to think we're gladiators in the Coliseum. Fans don't pay their money to see pretty football. They want to see somebody hit or a fight. The guys who give them that are the ones they remember." He finishes off his beer in three gulps. "And it's no fun if nobody knows who you are."

By now there may be a few Aleutian fishermen who don't know who Harvey Banks Martin is, but at 27, in his fifth year in the NFL, Martin has clearly emerged as the league's most feared defensive lineman. Not since Alan Page's heyday in 1970, when the Viking defense still qualified as the terrifying Purple People Eaters, has a defensive player won such notoriety. His 23 sacks broke the old Dallas record of 22 set in 1966 by the fabled George Andrie. And the honors piled on Harvey Martin last year like rivals vainly trying to beat him to a fumble: All-Pro, Pro Bowl starter, NFL Defensive Player of the Year. But all Harvey really wants is to destroy his enemy, stomp him into the ground—without actually hurting anybody.

"I like it out there," he says, "but it's a different world, all right, and I try to leave it on the field. I go out there with business on my mind, but when the game is over I turn back into Harvey. I'm a lot different off the field . . . hell, I'm real friendly with most of those players. I've got nothing against them."

By way of illustration, Harvey proudly leads me to his immense aquarium, which features a killer fish—called an oscar—and its supper, a few unsuspecting goldfish Martin has slipped into the water.

"He's beautiful to watch," Harvey admits, "but I really do feel sorry for the goldfish."

Harvey's sympathetic side must be little comfort to NFL quarterbacks, for it is through the sack that he has gained his awesome reputation. True, Martin is

Harvey Martin, here about to level Giant quarterback Joe Pisarcik, holds the Dallas record for quarterback sacks.







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\*This sheet of 24 gauge aluminum was punctured five times by a Power Line 922 Clip Repeater. The gun was pumped 10 times and bench fired from 15 feet under laboratory conditions. Metal was used solely to demonstrate power. Shooting at metal objects is not recommended.

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# Harvey Martin

a sound defender against the run, but that is not his main job. In the famous Landry flex, as employed by the present Dallas defense (dubbed, inevitably, Doomsday II), Too Tall Jones lines up on the strong side, where three-fourths of an offense's running game is generally concentrated. Weak-side traps and slants are largely the responsibility of Martin's sidekick, tackle Randy White. That leaves Martin relatively free (within the strictures of Landry's flex) to practice his special brand of warfare.

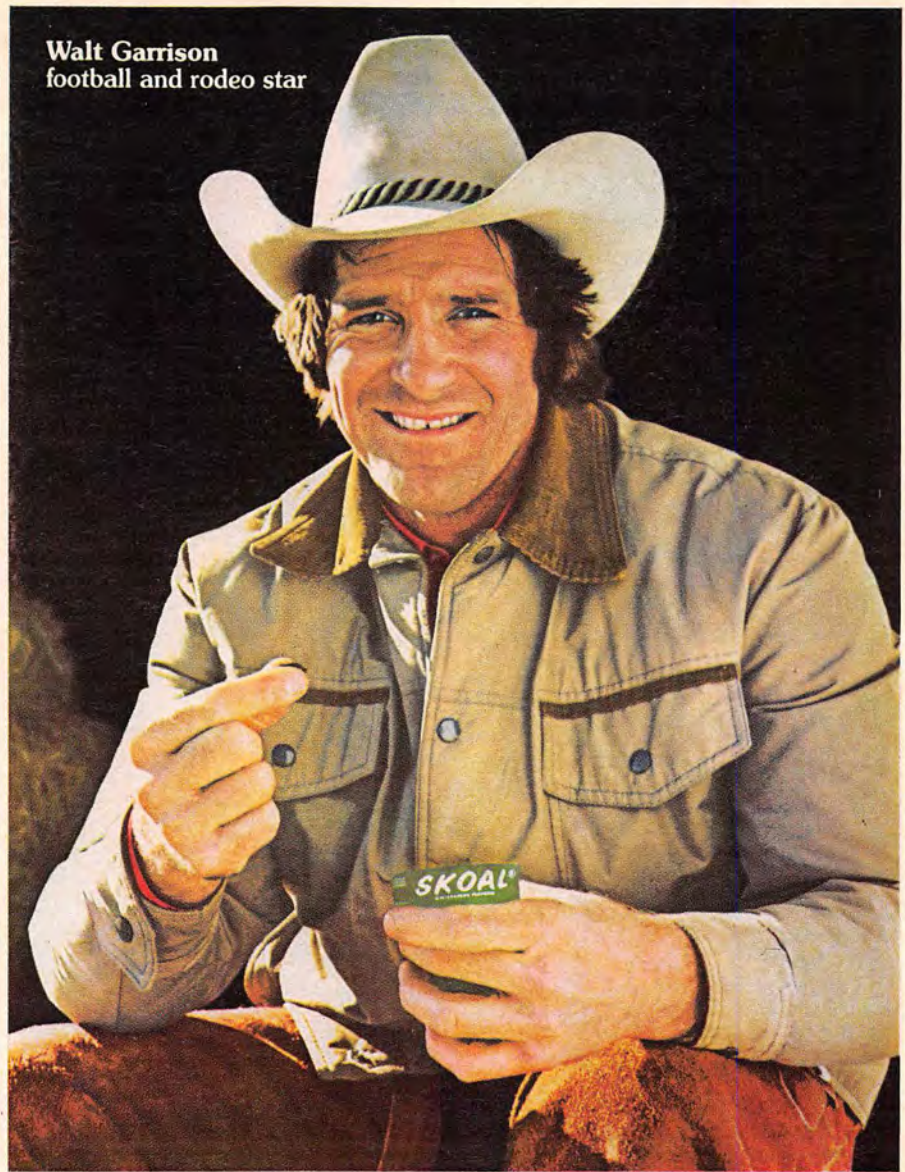
Which is precisely the way Martin likes it. "It's like being a receiver," he explains. "A receiver might be the best blocker in the league, but nobody notices him unless he starts catching passes. For us, you might be great against the run, but the notoriety won't come unless you start trapping the passer."

Harvey has led all Dallas pass rushers in this department since he entered the league, and the Cowboys' enterprising public-relations man, Doug Todd, coined a term for Martin's barbaric craft: "Martinized." The word flashes on the scoreboard in Texas Stadium every time Harvey fires through an offensive line as if it were Wheatena, wraps the quarterback in his great, flailing arms and flings him spectacularly to the ground. The fan roar that accompanies this devastation is pure bloodlust. Texas sportsmen love a good, clean kill.

Martin's kills aren't always immaculately clean, but they are monstrously effective. During a game against the New York Giants last season, Martin became enraged when called for unsportsmanlike conduct. He selected Giant tackle Gordon Gravelle as his whipping boy on the next play. Martin took out after quarterback Jerry Golsteyn while Gravelle pawed frantically at Harvey's facemask. Golsteyn, who went down like a felled yak, had to leave the game and, Gravelle was called for holding.

Perhaps the finest stretch of football enjoyed by any defensive player in the NFL in 1977 came during the Cowboys' first game with archrival St. Louis. Less than two minutes remained in the first half, and the Cardinals were holding a 17-13 lead and driving. Harvey got his nose down and got mean. In four straight plays he blew past Card tackle Roger Finnie and hounded quarterback Jim Hart to ineffectual distraction. Short passes under severe pressure kept St. Louis in possession, but with 42 seconds left, Martin got his hooks into Hart and spread him all over the Busch Stadium turf. The trainers dragged Hart to the sidelines and young Bill Donckers came in to call the last play of the half.

Walt Garrison  
football and rodeo star



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THE SHOES OF THE STARS

## Harvey Martin

He had the good sense to fall down for an 11-yard loss just before Martin reached him. The Cowboys carried the momentum into the second half and went on to win 30-24.

"It wasn't Finnie's fault," Harvey later said. "When I get this feeling I just know no one's going to stop me. I just know. . . . Everything becomes clear. I know what Finnie's weaknesses are and I know that he—no one—is going to stop me."

Martin has earned his sumptuous self-appraisal through long, studious hours in the projection room. His physical assets are obvious—a man his size who can run the 40 in 4.9 is a man to reckon with even if he sleeps with teddy bears.

"When I started out in this league," Martin recalls at poolside while draining a second can of beer as if it were an eyedropper, "I just went out there and outran guys. It worked for a while. Then the smart ones, the Dan Dierdorfs and Ron Yarys, they began to step out and shut that off but good. So I started watching films constantly and studying my man in a passing situation. I want to find out on my own what his tendencies are. Then I like to get films on, say [49ers defensive end] Cedrick Hardman and see what he did against the same man. Then I just sit down and try to figure out how to pass rush on him. Every tackle is different, you know."

Of course, Martin is not playing in a vacuum, certainly not in the precise Tom Landry flex. Linebacker D.D. Lewis, who with Martin is co-captain of the Cowboys' defense, says, "It's very technical defense for the linemen. A six-

## THE SPORT QUIZ

ANSWERS  
from page 16

1—b., Atlanta Braves & Yomiuri Giants.  
2—c. 3—a., Old Timers' Day, 1975. 4—a-  
3, b-4, c-2, d-1. 5—b. 6—a. 7—c. 8—Ron  
Fairly, Tim McCarver, Willie McCovey. 9—  
c. 10—a. 11—c. 12—c., Boston Celtics,  
Indiana Pacers, University of Cincinnati.  
13—b. 14—b. 15—True. 16—c. 17—a.  
18—c. 19—b. 20—b. 21—c., Donora, Pa.

### PHOTO CREDITS

Dan Bialotti/Movement Associates—4 (top &  
bottom). Si Dunn—91. Malcolm Emmons—4  
(middle). 60 Kevin Fitzgerald—84. Focus on  
Sports/Jerry Wachter—48-49. 49 (right) Jack  
Mecca—71. Peter Mecca—16 (bottom). Bob  
Peterson—68-69. Rich Pilling—16 (left).  
Mitchell Reibel—27 (right). Carl Skalak, Jr./  
Opticom—48 (left). UPI—15. 35 (left & middle).  
38 (top & bottom). 40 (bottom). 44. Wide  
World—8. 16 (right). 27 (left). 35 (right). 38  
(middle). 40 (top). 46.



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At first, I couldn't picture us as a couple. I mean, doing the "hustle" to her classical music just wasn't my style.

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To give you some idea of diamond values, the half-carat ring shown here (enlarged for detail) is worth about \$1100. Diamond values will vary according to color, clarity, cut and weight. Ask your jeweler for the free booklet, "A Diamond Is Forever." De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd.



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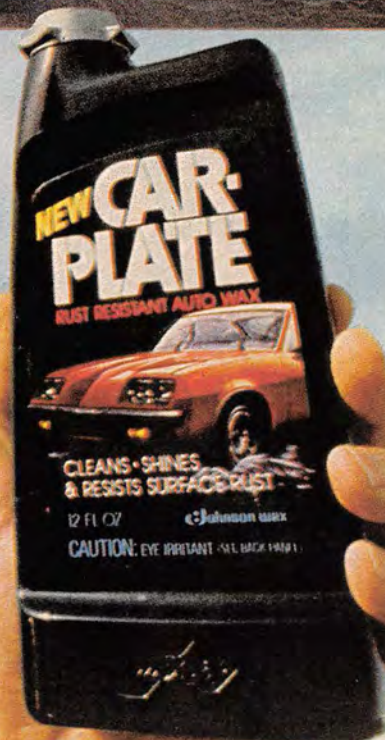
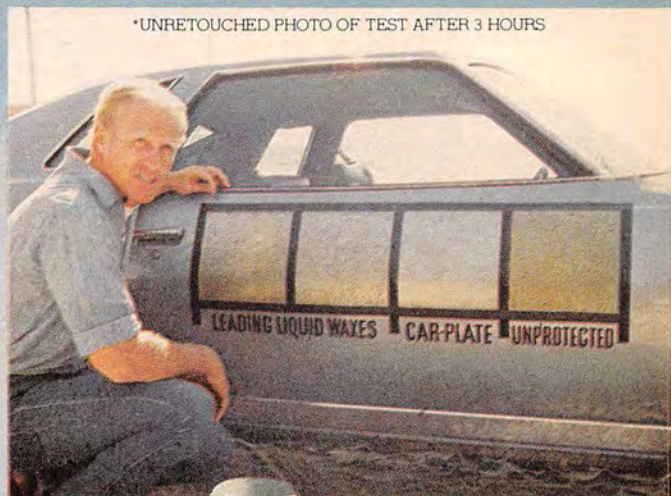
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# Harvey Martin

inch step out of the way is a no-no. It's a matter of inches." Surprisingly, the roughhouse Martin likes the structured system. "If I were on a team that just went and went," he insists, "I'd be okay. But I wouldn't be as good as I've become with Dallas. We're famous on the flex defense for forcing people into predictable situations. We bottle them up on the first two downs, and on the third you just know you can tee off." He grins. "And anybody who rushes the passer likes to know when he can just lay his ears back and go."

The emergence of Randy White as a superior defensive tackle has helped Martin. The two are already being compared to the original Doomsday duo of George Andrie and Bob Lilly. Defensive line coach Ernie Stautner says, "White gives Harvey a lot more confidence, a feeling he can go inside after the passer and also have somebody inside who'll force the quarterback out to him."

Washington Redskin quarterback Billy Kilmer, who in 18 seasons has been manhandled by some of the best, says, "Let me tell you something. Harvey Martin is the premier defensive end in the league. Nobody's close. . . . Hardman, Youngblood, Eller, he's playing better than any of them. I notice Harvey more than anyone on the Cowboys because he's such a stickout. He's making the big plays for them and that gets the rest stirred up."

Indeed, Martin is, in addition to his brutal front-line duties, as vocal a rear-echelon cheerleader as any of the 32 Cowgirls that the management dresses each Sunday. "He took to leadership instinctively here," says Dallas general manager Tex Schramm. "He has that built-in feel for what is required in team relationships and relations with the public. He matured very quickly. A couple of years ago we had a young team that was losing and badly needed leadership and direction from within the ranks of the players. Sometimes the coaches and management just can't provide that kind of direction, especially for young ballplayers. Harvey's the one who called the players together and outlined what they should be doing to unite and become Dallas Cowboys."

Still relaxing in his deck chair, Harvey talks about his love for the Cowboys: "I'm a lot different than anyone else on this team for one reason—I grew up in Dallas, and I was here when the team first came to Dallas. I rooted for Dandy Don, and cried when they lost to Green Bay in the cold. I've been a fan

from the very beginning. And believe it or not, I'm still a fan. I haven't changed. I know what the people out there go through . . . how they get up for games just like we do. I wouldn't know what it would be like to play for another team."

Martin pauses. There is a din coming from the living room. Cowboy wide receiver Drew Pearson's wife is here with their little daughter, a couple of more friends have dropped in and the architect is due any minute to consult on some retouches for the new house. But Martin becomes reflective: "I'll tell you, sometimes I just sit around thinking how lucky a dude I am. Just to be able to come into professional football and do well, to hold my own while I'm

still learning and to contribute to the team that's in my hometown . . . that's something you dream about when you're small. . . . eight, nine or ten years old. . . . But I never really thought it would happen."

Neither did anyone else. Little Harvey loathed fights, and often let his little sister wage his wars. The son of a city employee, Harvey was raised in Dallas' inner city, moved when he was 12 to South Oak Cliff, a modest working-class section. He toughened up at South Oak Cliff High School but declined to play basketball and did not go out for football until late in his junior year.

As his high school coach, Raymond



Martin relishes his off-field lifestyle, which includes an expensive sports car and a new house with an indoor pool.





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I became so enthusiastic about this business and so appreciative of what it had brought my family that, whenever a man opened a dealership near me, I helped him get a quick start.

The company learned about this and had each new dealer in my section of Michigan spend a day with me. One day the president of Duraclean Company asked me how I would like to move to Headquarters and spend my entire time helping dealers to increase their sales and profits.

That was good news to my ears. Since then I have worked with hundreds of our dealers in their own towns and at regional meetings, con-

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*by Bob Ferrel*

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You can operate from a shop, office, or your home. Equipment is light and portable.

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That made sense to us so we worked out such a plan... and those same men are now enjoying a Duraclean dealership in many communities. You don't experiment. You use **tested, proven** methods. You have **our backing and "know how."**

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Government figures show service businesses are **growing faster** than industries and stores... \$750 million yearly potential just in rug and furniture cleaning. Your **6 other services** are explained in the free booklet we'll mail you.

Only \$1985 starts you in YOUR OWN business. A day's profit more than pays the monthly payments we finance for you.

It is surprisingly easy to learn this business. You can decide from the information we will send you whether to apply for a dealership. So, with **no obligation whatever**, mail the coupon **TODAY**.

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# Harvey Martin

Mattingly, once recalled: "Here was this gangling kid with no experience that shows up one day. We just gave him some old shoes that were a size-and-a-half too small and some old headgear that didn't quite fit. He put them on anyway and went out and played. A few days later he came to me about getting some new equipment. Blood was running down his forehead where the helmet had split it and his toes were crumpled in his shoes. I figured that a kid who would play under those conditions was a player."

Mattingly figured right. Martin chose East Texas State from among the eight colleges (including Oklahoma, Nebraska and New Mexico) that recruited him, he says, because, "The coach from East Texas leveled. He said, 'After only one year of high school ball, come and learn while we learn at East Texas State.' He was more or less telling me that East Texas was a small, developing football school and that maybe it would be smart for an inexperienced player like me to develop with them instead of trying for the big schools right off the mark. I dug that."

His sophomore year Harvey roomed with a rugged senior lineman and future Pittsburgh Steeler, Dwight White, who taught him some of the tricks of the small-college trade. After Martin had led East Texas to a NAIA Division I national championship in 1972, White and Steeler teammate Joe Greene took Harvey—now the number-three Cowboy draftee—out to a park near Dallas and taught him some of the tricks of the big time. "Things like how to make the move inside after faking to the outside, how to turn the offensive lineman so his own momentum carries him past you," says Harvey. "After about two months I went to camp in '73 with a little edge on other rookies."

The edge blunted quickly. Harvey's physical showed that something might be wrong with his blood. Nothing was, but it was the kind of scare no one needs the first grueling week of rookie camp, not when rookies fear the ax. "My roommate Bill Bipp and I were sitting around the night of the first big rookie cuts," Martin remembers. "We were scared stiff. Phones were ringing around the players' wing of the dorm and the guys were getting cut."

"Then it seemed to be over—the phones quieted down. We felt better. Bill sat down and started to write a postcard to his folks, telling them he'd made the first cut. Then the phone rang and he got cut. They cut him before he finished that postcard. It was awful for him. Just awful."

Martin's physical ability was obvious—as was his lack of aggressive-

ness, so much so that coach Stautner had to speak to him about it. One season in the NFL changed that: "I found myself getting meaner and looking at the guy across from me as my enemy." He also learned to push himself in drills, rather than look for shortcuts. And if he needed any more goading, there was 1974's first-round draft choice, Too Tall Jones, breathing down on him from his 6-foot-9 aerie. Once when Harvey was in a Dallas saloon, a fellow walked up to him, offered his hand and said, "I want to meet you now because you'll be gone when Too Tall Jones takes your job." The memory of the meeting still pains.

"It ate me up. I thought I'd had one of the better rookie seasons, nine sacks in the regular season and four in the playoffs. There was nothing personal with Too Tall, but I felt the challenge, and it was the best thing that ever happened to me. Ed Jones is going to be an awesome football player. I have to sweat to stay ahead of him." Harvey smiles. "We started off this season betting two six-packs per game on who would get more

## Martin: "When I get this feeling, I just know no one's going to stop me"

sacks." In midseason Martin finally took pity on his pal and called the bet off.

But in 1974 the competition between the two was fang-and-claw, and it helped make Martin mean as a junkyard dog in the pit. Against New Orleans he almost beheaded 5-4 kick-returner Howard Stevens with a forearm slam. Harvey later explained with a shrug, "This is a big man's game. He's got no business out there." In the Houston game he nearly ruined quarterback Dan Pastorini for life, sacking him three times, then chasing him to the sidelines and clouting his skull. Pastorini was helped from the field.

Off the field, life was good. Life was sweet. Life was expensive. "Those first couple of years I discoed myself to death and blew my money. What the hell, you owe yourself some fun those first few years after college. Then I settled down a little, got involved in a sporting-goods store, bought into this barbecue place called Smokey John's, started speaking around the state. Figured I'd better learn to talk."

That was as difficult as a duck learning to swim. "Talking is the easiest thing in the world for me," he says. Soon Martin was a favorite on the Texas

barbecued-beef circuit. And for every minute the Too Mean Harvey spent ravaging the fields of the NFL, The Beautiful Harvey, was devoting ten minutes to community service, visiting children's hospitals and making TV spots for United Way. Along the way he picked up a job as a Dr. Pepper sales representative and a radio show for KRLD. Harvey became so assured as a radio personality that when Phyllis George came down to Dallas to interview him for CBS' *NFL Today*, Harvey turned around and interviewed Phyllis for his show.

But now, toward the end of this championship season, Harvey says, "I'm boring to be around now—the game is all I care about. I don't worry about bills or anything. I just want to win. When you play football, you have to give it *you*. You can't get involved in other things. That's why, in the off-season, I bust my butt in these other projects, to get away from football, because for six months you're giving your whole self to that and nothing else. . . ."

Super Bowl XII was something less than exciting. Martin and his cohorts saw to that. If Craig Morton had not yet fully learned the fear of hell, Domsday II instilled it in him that dreadful Sunday. Led by Martin and White, they forced four Morton interceptions in the first half. Morton had thrown only eight interceptions all season.

Still, there was one moment in the fourth quarter when the Broncos could dare to hope. The shattered Morton had been removed and young Norris Weese had moved the Broncos to within 20-10 with seven minutes still remaining. Denver had the ball on its 30, third and four, and showed signs of mounting another drive. Then, as Weese stepped into the shotgun, Martin bore in furiously and belted the young quarterback so hard the ball popped out of his hands and skittered forward for ten yards before Cowboy cornerback Aaron Kyle dropped on it. Martin, who with White would be named co-winner of *SPORT Magazine's* Most Valuable Player award, had ended Super Bowl XII firmly, even before the final Dallas touchdown pass.

As the press poured into the Cowboy lockerroom, and the flashbulbs popped and the cameras whirled, Martin stood on the bench before his locker and cried, "Orange Crush is soda water, baby. You drink it. It don't win football games!"

The next day the Cowboys took a victory ride through downtown Dallas, a ride Harvey Martin had dreamed of since he was a boy in South Oak Cliff. ■





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